The Outlook

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Fighting in Mexico's Capital

The fierce fighting that damaged Mexico City last week is not to be described as the struggle of mobs behind street barricades, like the conflicts of the Paris Communists, but as a series of battles between two armies. The forces under President Madero and General Felix Diaz (a nephew of the former President of Mexico) occupied strong central positions, the first in and about the Palace, the second in the Citadel or Arsenal. Each force possessed and used heavy guns, and the wonder is that their fire did not totally destroy large sections of the city; as it was, the damage from shell and shot was serious. The most conflicting reports came by wire as to the number of killed and wounded on both sides, some reports asserting that the total was far beyond a thousand, others putting the loss at a few hundreds. That many non-combatants were killed or injured is certain, and among them were several citizens of the United States; at least one American woman was killed, probably two. The American Embassy and the British Legation were guarded by volunteer forces of Americans and Englishmen, and were refuges for foreign residents. The entire city was all the week, night and day, in a state of terror, and large portions of it were actually under fire. The two contending armies advanced their batteries and infantry from their military bases through the streets and squares, and the bombardment from the improvised fortresses was accompanied by sanguinary street-fighting. Attack and repulse followed alternately for at least four days. Our Ambassador, Mr. Wilson, according to all published accounts, acted with courage and efficiency, did everything possible to protect and aid his countrymen, and joined with other foreign envoys in attempting to secure a cessation of hostilities. Of one of the interviews between President Madero and the envoys a press despatch says: "Ambassador Wilson kept his temper, but the British and German Ministers told the President in substance that such warfare as had been going on was an outrage and a disgrace to civilization." To add to the wretchedness of the situation, it became almost impossible to secure food supplies; prices advanced enormously; business was at a standstill; sanitary service ceased; the officers of the Red Cross and White Cross societies were accused, probably unjustly, of smuggling ammunition to the opposing forces; there were predictions of plague and disease. The events in Mexico City last week are not to be paralleled in the recent history of this continent.

Who is Responsible?

Some one has said that Madero taught the Mexican people the possibilities of revolution and that the lesson has been turned against himself. There has been a twofold dissatisfaction against his Government—first, among those who hold that he has not carried out his promises of reform and of relief for the common people against the great "land barons;" secondly, among ambitious and unscrupulous officers at the head of revolutionary forces which range from guerrillas to banditti. As time passed and Madero failed to suppress the growing opposition, it extended and his own army became honeycombed with disaffection. General Reyes, who for years has had a strong personal following and was once considered a conservative influence, some time ago made an abortive attempt to drive Madero from power; he failed almost ludicrously and was imprisoned; released from prison by the present revolt, he was killed on the first day of the fighting. Felix Diaz, who had at first professed loyalty to the Madero administration, had also been imprisoned, but a conspiracy within the army had been formed by his supporters, and when the outbreak

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came Diaz escaped and was placed at its head. Zapata, the irreconcilable leader of what may be called a guerrilla army, sent aid to Diaz from the southward, and for a time it was feared that his wild troops might pillage the capital. Success against Madero in the capital would clearly be followed by the downfall of his power throughout the country. And then what? The general belief is that Felix Diaz might become President, possibly Dictator, unless and until the revolutionary spirit should gather around another leader. For the essential trouble with Mexico is the absence of *national* purpose or *national* patriotism. Lack of easy communications, the wide extent of territory, the mountains and forests, make Mexico, in widely separated localities, a ready prey to such men as Zapata. Anarchy prolonged cannot be thought of: the other nations of the world will not permit the sort of thing that went on last week to be repeated and continue indefinitely. In another place we discuss the duty of the United States both to Mexico and the world. We may note here, as a part of the history of the week, that several proposals have already been made looking to mediation by a commission during a cessation of hostilities, with, presumably, the consent of the contesting generals. The most interesting of these, perhaps, is that of Mr. John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union. In a letter to President Taft Mr. Barrett urges a commission of three members—one (he suggests Mr. Root or Mr. Bryan) to represent the United States, one a Mexican of such standing as Señor de la Barra, the third some Latin-American diplomatist now in Washington to represent South American interests at large. This commission, according to this plan, would investigate the situation, would make recommendations for permanent peace and stability, and, above all things, argues Mr. Barrett, would bring about immediate peace and the immediate protection of foreign interests.

The Tragedy of the South Pole

The touching and manly message written just before his death by Captain Robert F. Scott, commanding the British South Polar expedition, will be found on another page. The circumstances under which it was written make it one of the most pathetic documents of history. Just as the world was expecting to hear that Scott's ship, the Terra Nova, had reached the outposts of civilization with the party which had made the attempt to carry the British flag to the South Pole, came the cable message from Christchurch, New Zealand, that the Terra Nova had arrived but that Captain Scott and four of his party had perished. Briefly stated, the facts are these: Captain Scott and his advance guard of four had succeeded in their final dash to the Pole, made with the aid of ponies and dog-sledges. They reached their goal on January 18, 1912, and found the hut and records left there by Captain Roald Amundsen in December, 1911—a double verification of the accuracy and actual achievement of both the British and Norwegian expeditions. The mathematical calculations of the two parties fixed the exact location of the Pole at points within half a mile, one of the other. Returning, the party had made its way to within one hundred and fifty-five miles of Cape Evans, the base of operations on McMurdo Sound, where their comrades were found by the Terra Nova on January 18 of this year, exactly one year from Scott's arrival at the South Pole. At this point, only eleven miles from the shelter and supplies at One Ton Depot, the final disaster overcame them. Captain Scott's letter is dated March 25. Already Edgar Evans, a petty officer, was dead from the result of a fall about a month before which produced concussion of the brain. Captain R. E. G. Oates, a military officer who had special charge of the ponies and the dogs, died on March 17. Apparently Captain Oates deliberately walked away from the camp to meet death in hopes that it might give a greater chance to his companions. "We knew," says Captain Scott, "that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman." The survivors were weakened by exposure and the lack of food and fuel; as to the last there are intimations that "some one had blundered." Close to the succor of supplies cached, held helpless by a blizzard which lasted a week or more, hope was all but extinguished and farewell was written. Dr. Edward A. Wilson, the chief of the scientific staff of the expedition, and Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, died with Captain Scott. Their bodies and the records were recovered on November 12 by a relief expedition from Cape Evans. The burial service was read over the graves of the dead by Sergeant Atkinson of the relief party; a cairn and a cross with their names were erected; the body of Captain

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Oates was sought for in vain, but a second cairn and record were left in his memory near the other. The inscription on this second cairn was this:

> Hereabout died
> A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN
> Capt. R. E. G. OATES,
> Inniskillen Dragoons,
> who on the return from the Pole in March, 1912, willingly walked to his death in a blizzard to try and save his comrades beset by hardship.

Robert F. Scott: An Intrepid Explorer

The appeal made in Captain Scott's last words for generous treatment of the families bereaved and left without support by the loss of these men in the service of their country has been responded to instantly on the initiative of the Government, and has been reinforced by the British people and by admirers of dauntless courage and resource everywhere. At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society the chairman put the case forcibly when he said:

> No Arctic or Antarctic party, I believe, was ever sent out better equipped or better fitted by the gallantry or experience of its members, from Captain Scott downward, to meet with the ordinary perils of the Pole; but Arctic travel would not be what it is—a training ground for the highest qualities of the British race—if these perils were altogether avoidable. Captain Scott lives in all our minds, and will live in our memories, as the ideal of the English sailor of our age, a man intellectually gifted as well as brave and resourceful in all emergencies, full of scientific zeal and enthusiasm. Nor do his companions deserve less honor. They were equal in their daring, their endurance, their deaths.

Captain Scott's record as an explorer extends over twelve years; his first voyage in the Antarctic was made in 1900 on the Discovery, with Lieutenant Shackleton as second in command. That expedition, although its farthest south was only 80° 17′, was notable for its exceptionally large contributions to our scientific knowledge of the region, and also because it trained Shackleton and led him to carry out the British expedition which came within one hundred and ten miles of the South Pole, while that in turn led to the Scott expedition which attained the object, although a little later than Amundsen. The manful rivalry between the Norwegian and British expeditions was not in any questionable sense "a race for the Pole;" both were properly equipped and work was carried on by each as thoroughly and systematically as if the other did not exist. The grief and sympathy of all readers of the explorer's last message and diaries are increased by the knowledge that he leaves a young wife, married only two years before this expedition set out, and a young child, and that they were on their way to New Zealand to meet him when the tragic news reached England. A great memorial service was held on Friday in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. King George attended in admiral's uniform, and a notable gathering of statesmen, government officials, army and navy officers, and representatives of all that is best and most famous in the country joined in this act of reverence and honor.

The Balkan War

Turkey has now had a second taste of the Balkan war. It may have taught her that she cannot help herself by prolonging the conflict. At all events, the Turkish Government has asked the Powers to intervene to end the war. No wonder! Turkey's chief foe among the allies has again been Bulgaria. Last week there was severe fighting between Bulgar and Turk at three points—Tchataldja, Adrianople, Gallipoli. At Tchataldja the Turks showed a new and aggressive spirit. They advanced boldly from the long line of forts towards the Bulgarians, but were finally pushed back after a very considerable loss of life on both sides. A more vital loss of life to the Turks occurred at Adrianople. There the Turks also showed their new and aggressive spirit in repeated attempts to go out from the besieged city and engage the Bulgarians. But the Bulgarians made an end of those of the garrison who were foremost in emerging. If at Tchataldja and at Adrianople the Turkish loss did not exceed two thousand men, there was a far larger loss at Gallipoli; the despatches report many thousand Turks killed and wounded, and also many thousand captured. Gallipoli is an important city on the north shore of the Dardanelles Straits. It is located on that narrow neck of land which separates the Straits from the Gulf of Saros, the easternmost part of the Ægean Sea. This long neck of land is known as the Peninsula of Gallipoli. It is of historic note and is regarded by the Turks as sacred soil, for there they made their first conquest in Europe (1354). As the city of Gallipoli lies about a hundred and thirty miles west of Constanti-

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nople, it may be thought that the capital is not put in very great danger by this latest Bulgarian victory, as it was by the victories closer to it. But Constantinople is really in some danger, for Gallipoli commands the approach to it from the west to the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora. At the London Conference between the Balkan allies and the Turks it was agreed that the Peninsula of Gallipoli, together with the region about the capital, should remain Turkish. Now that the allies possess the Peninsula, however, they may not be so willing at a future conference to leave it to the Turks.

Political Riots in Japan

When, in December last, the Japanese Minister of War proposed to increase the strength of the army by organizing two more divisions for service in Korea, the proposition excited general dissatisfaction. The Government had pledged itself to a policy of economy and retrenchment, and a majority of the people thought a reduction of war taxes more important than an increase in the strength of an army already large enough for all defensive purposes. The Minister, however, would not recede from his position and finally resigned. As it was found difficult to fill his place with an army officer who did not share his views, Marquis Saionji, the Premier, also resigned, with his remaining colleagues. A new Ministry was formed by Prince Katsura, Grand Chamberlain and Keeper of the Privy Seal, who had been Premier during the war with Russia and again after the downfall of the first Saionji Ministry. This change, however, did not allay popular excitement. There was a prevalent feeling that Katsura was in sympathy with the military party; that he favored bureaucratic methods of administration; that democratic tendencies were likely to be checked, and constitutional government endangered, if he were allowed to control the policy of the young and inexperienced Emperor. Taking advantage of this feeling, the Premier's political opponents, supported by a large part of the press, began a campaign of agitation and accusation, which increased the popular discontent and strengthened the general belief that the new Premier and the Elder Statesmen were deceiving the Emperor as to the real state of affairs and were trying to make use of his authority as a means of undermining constitutional liberty. At a mass-meeting of four or five thousand people in the Kabuki theater of Tokyo, the opposition leaders directly accused Prince Katsura of "cheating the Emperor into signing edicts to suit himself" (the Premier), while the excited audience shouted "Traitor!" "Save our country!" "Down with the bureaucrats!" and "Let us die to protect our constitution!" On the 5th of February, Mr. Yukio Ozaki, ex-Mayor of Tokyo, introduced in Parliament a resolution expressing lack of confidence in the Katsura Ministry. This resolution was adopted by a decisive majority. Some of the members who opposed it were assaulted by an excited crowd which had assembled outside the Parliament building. The Emperor thereupon suspended the sessions of Parliament for a period of five days in order to allow time for the popular excitement to subside.

Growing Discontent and a New Premier

Instead of subsiding, however, the excitement steadily increased. On the 11th Prince Katsura was stoned by a mob in the streets, and a few hours later, after a great mass-meeting in Hibiya Park, a crowd of rioters marched to the residence of the Premier with the intention of wrecking it. When, after a sharp skirmish, they were driven away by the police, they surrounded the office of the "Kokumin Shimbun," a newspaper which supported the Ministry, and attempted to set fire to it with bundles of kerosene-saturated straw. The employees of the paper defended themselves with firearms, and in the fighting that ensued two men were killed and a score or more seriously wounded. Anti-Government rioting soon became general, and resulted in the wrecking of police stations and the burning of street cars in various parts of the city. Troops were then called out; strong guards were placed around the houses of the Ministers and the offices of newspapers that supported the Katsura administration; and the Minister of the Imperial Household gave notice that, unless the disorder ceased, the Emperor would proclaim martial law. These repressive measures, together with the severely cold weather that happened to prevail, finally compelled the rioters, at a late hour of the night, to seek shelter. In the course of the day's fighting six men are said to have been killed and fifty or sixty wounded. The only other city in which political disturbances occurred was Osaka,

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where also the offices of Government newspapers were attacked by mobs. As a result of these political demonstrations, and of the pressure brought to bear upon the Government, Prince Katsura resigned, and Count Gombei Yamamoto was directed by the Emperor to form a new Ministry.

Is the Popular Discontent Justified?

It is difficult, at this distance, to understand fully the excitement created in Japan by the proposal to increase the strength of the army, and the storm of hostile feeling subsequently aroused by the policy of the Katsura Ministry. A heavily taxed and economically distressed people might naturally object to an unnecessary expenditure of money for imperial defense; but, in the judgment of the highest military authorities, the addition of two divisions to the strength of the army on the Manchurian frontier is, or will soon become, a matter of vital importance; and in this judgment a people as patriotic as the Japanese might be expected to concur, if they had confidence in their military advisers, and if they really believed in the urgency of the need. Apparently, however, they apprehend no danger in Korea or Manchuria, and regard the demand for two additional divisions as an attempt of the military party to increase its own importance, or further its own selfish ambitions. Such, of course, may be the case; but there is also a possibility that the Minister of War and the General Staff may be in possession of information which, if generally known, would change the whole trend of public opinion. There seems to be in the recent demonstrations a striking and instructive parallel with the situation created by the signing of the Treaty of Peace at Portsmouth in 1907. Then, as now, the people were profoundly dissatisfied; and then, as now, they manifested their discontent by stoning officials, attacking the houses of Ministers, wrecking police stations, burning street cars, and mobbing the offices of newspapers that supported the Government. Then, as now, the employees of the "Kokumin Shimbun" had to protect themselves and their presses with firearms. There may be more occasion for the present than for the former unrest. In any case it is an extraordinary spectacle—an Oriental people renowned for their ability to subject themselves to discipline thus setting themselves with violent demonstrations against the Emperor, the Elder Statesmen, and the Cabinet.

The Immigrant

Though an elaborate measure, dealing with many phases of the subject, the Immigration Bill, passed by Congress and vetoed by President Taft, has been opposed or supported principally with reference to one of its provisions—the so-called literacy test. According to this provision, any alien immigrant physically capable of reading and otherwise eligible must, before being admitted, read, in the presence of an immigration official, forty words in some language or dialect. The reading test provided is such that the alien will not know in advance what forty words he will be expected to read. Certain aliens are excepted from this provision—including political refugees and certain members of any eligible immigrant's family. The question over which there has been much discussion, including arguments before President Taft, is whether such a test is beneficial to the country. There is no doubt that this Nation has a right to decide what people it will admit to its borders. The Nation's first duty is to maintain its own standards of life. It cannot serve the world unless it preserves in itself those traits which render good service possible. The advocates of absolutely unrestricted immigration are too few to be taken into account in the discussion of the immigration question. The real question is as to what methods of selection and restriction are most beneficial and effective. The objection to the literacy test is not that it tends to limit immigration, but that it fails to provide any method by which the desirable immigrants are differentiated from the undesirable ones. The ability to read forty words is no proof of intelligence. Inability to read forty words is no proof of unintelligence. There have been many intelligent people who have not known how to read and write, and many unintelligent persons who could pass a forty-word test. If we want intelligent immigrants, the use of a literacy test is no way to get them. Neither is the literacy test a test of moral character. It will exclude many a hard-working, industrious man who can add to the country's wealth by his labor, and admit many a shifty, adroit, and conscienceless scamp who will add merely to our sufficient supply of gamblers, grafters, and thieves. Every year the United

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States admits thousands upon thousands who cannot read—admits them by way of the cradle; but the Nation welcomes them, and by education makes most of them intelligent and good citizens. Illiteracy is a defect that we can cure. The sort of aliens we ought to exclude are those aliens with defects we cannot cure. We cannot cure inherent defects of intelligence or inherent defects of character; but we shall not do anything to reduce the number of those who suffer from these defects by requiring that they read forty words. The literacy test undoubtedly would reduce the number of aliens that are coming into the country; but there is no merit in merely reducing the number of immigrants. The more people we admit of the type of President Wilson's grandparents, of Jacob Riis, of the brothers Oscar, Isidor, and Nathan Straus, of Theodore Thomas, Mary Antin, Carl Schurz, Archbishop Ireland, or Dr. Robert Collyer, the stronger this country will be. The President has acted wisely in declining to sanction the use of this test. Such a law would satisfy only those anxious to reduce the number of immigrants, not those who insist upon fitness.

The Painter of Newsboys and Bootblacks

John George Brown is dead. He was eighty-two years old. He was also old in another sense. For he belonged to that old-fashioned school of painters who were ever "telling a story"—a school so old as to go back to the early artists and, in the nineteenth century, the school of the Wilkies and Orchardsons in England, of the Merles and Detailles in France, and of the Meyer von Bremens and Ludwig Knauses in Germany. In this day of emphasis and over-emphasis on technique, it is just as well to pause and consider the work of men who wanted to say something, not merely to show something. Perhaps the technique of painters who try to tell stories is usually faulty. Perhaps they are not really "artists." But they are human. Among such "humans" was the English boy who came to America long ago. In England he had served as apprentice to a glass-cutter, but he had also studied in the Newcastle School of Design and at the Royal Academy. He had begun to earn a livelihood by painting portraits. Later, in America, he took a great fancy to painting the more or less picturesque street urchins, especially the newsboys and bootblacks. "His First Cigar" was Brown's first work to attract wide attention. It was painted in the late fifties. Ten years later Brown was President of the National Academy of Design, and for many years no Academy exhibition seemed complete unless a "J. G. Brown" was a striking contrast to something very different in subject hanging alongside. Among the well-known "J. G." pictures are: "The Passing Show," "The Dress Parade," "The Three (Scape) Graces," "The Longshoreman's Noon," "A Merry Air and a Sad Heart," "The Thrilling Moment," "The Old Folks at Home," "A Jolly Lot," "What Say?" "Silent Supplication," "When We Were Girls," "Training the Dog," "The Gang," "At the Cottage Door," "The Stump Speech." For more than fifty years Mr. Brown worked in the old Tenth Street Studio Building in the metropolis, a building rich in memories of Inness, Martin, Gifford, Kensett, Wyant, and many another, an art-oasis in the heart of the most commercial of cities.

The Birth of the Atom

The discussion which has followed the recent address of Sir William Ramsay before the Chemical Society in London shows that the discoveries he there announced will not be accepted without chemical confirmation and further scientific experiment. The very fact that Sir William uses the rather non-scientific term "probably demonstrated" shows that verification is needed. His reputation, however, both as an experimenter and a chemical theorist of the first rank, gives importance to what he may say before such an authoritative body as the Society. "The birth of the atom" is not, of course, Sir William's own phrase; and although it has been commonly used with regard to his recent experiments, it is not scientifically accurate. The comparatively recent discoveries of the X-ray and radium have indirectly led to the shaking of the old chemical theory of the atom; and it must be remembered that the atom was not in itself so much a physical actuality as a chemical working hypothesis. The old idea was that the atom stood for the chemical indivisibility of substance; it was the ultimate supposable division of matter. Other discoveries than those discussed the other day by Sir William have indicated that it was within chemical possibility both that a supposed unit of one

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kind of matter might be separated into dissimilar units, and that supposed ultimate units of different kinds of matter might be chemically combined in ways not supposed to be possible. Now what Sir William thinks he has found lately is that two elements (helium and neon, the evidence of the existence of which is found in the appear ance of their respective lines in the spectra of stars) have been apparently spontaneously created. Sir William, through radium, had already transmuted copper into lithium and other elements, and had changed thorium into carbon in ways supposed to be chemically impossible. Following these experiments, he found in X-ray bulbs which had already been used traces of helium, the existence of which could not be explained. Professor J. N. Collie simultaneously carried on a series of experiments in which electricity was passed through hydrogen, and found that both helium and neon in gaseous form were produced. The first line of experiment was based on radium, the second on electricity working through hydrogen. The conclusion drawn was either that hydrogen itself had inexplicably been converted into the gases of neon and helium, or that through electrical action these two gases were brought into existence where they did not before exist. Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Joseph J. Thomson, both scientists of the very highest reputation, at once suggested that the neon and helium really already existed either in the glass of the apparatus or in the metal employed, and referred to elaborate experiments which they had made which seemed to show that glass or metal may have hidden away in its pores elements which can be brought out only by tremendous electrical energy. This objection seems, however, to have been foreseen by Sir William, who declared in his address that carefully devised experiments had shown that there was no helium or neon in the bulbs; while Professor Collie declared that in the other class of experiments almost endless pains was taken to show that the new-found elements were not present through any extraneous means. If the theories based on these experiments are correct, it is possible that there may be commercial and practical results; and some commentators have even pointed out that the old proof of the impossibility of transmuting one metal into another (lead into gold, for instance) no longer holds good, at least theoretically. Sir William, however, considers that the importance of the discovery, if discovery it be, lies in the fact that it opens the door to further discoveries, and encourages the scientific investigator to enter upon new lines of thought and work untrammeled by certain theories formerly considered as fundamental.

MEXICO

War is an armed contest between combatants. If newspaper despatches can be trusted, it is not from war that the City of Mexico is suffering. It is suffering from anarchy. It is, if reports are to be believed, without a government. Unarmed citizens, mothers, children, are the victims of shot and shell. They are not suffering the privations of war; they are suffering the evils of a devastating tempest of massacre.

In the face of such conditions the people of the United States, Mexico's close neighbor, must ask and answer four questions:

1. Is the United States responsible for the maintenance of order in the Western Hemisphere anywhere beyond the United States' own borders?

2. If it is, at what point does its responsibility begin?

3. If there is such a point, who is to decide that it has been reached—President or Congress?

4. In order that that responsibility may be met, what should be done now?

The answers to these questions seem to us fairly clear:

1. The United States *is* responsible for maintaining order elsewhere than within its own borders. Every civilized nation is. The European nations were responsible when the Barbary pirates infested the Mediterranean. The European nations were responsible when the Turks massacred the Armenians. The European nations were responsible when agents of rubber companies committed atrocities upon the blacks of the Congo. The nations of the world were responsible when the lives of foreigners were exposed to the storm of the Boxer uprising in China. If anything like civilized life is to be preserved, those nations that call themselves civilized cannot rest content with simply keeping their own territories free from the excesses of barbarism. They must protect civilized life wherever it has extended itself. They cannot do so by means of an international sheriff and international constables, because no such interna-

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tional officials exist. Internationally the peoples of the world are in the same stage of advance which nationally the people of England found themselves in Saxon times. In those days, when a man walked through the woods, he was required by custom to blow his horn, or, if he had no horn, to halloo. Otherwise every stealthy marauder would be at an advantage. So it happened that the nearest neighbors might seize any man who walked in the forest without announcing himself and put him to death. For the protection of people everywhere, those who lived in any given place were responsible for putting this rule into execution. Now there is no need for such a rule, for there are sheriffs and constables. In international matters there are no sheriffs and constables, and so if order is to be maintained the nations of the world must act upon the Saxon principle that each must guard the peace and order of its own neighborhood. By its Monroe Doctrine the United States has given notice to the nations of Europe that it will regard as an unfriendly act any attempt on the part of any of them that might result in the occupation of territory in the Western Hemisphere. Having served this notice, the United States is in honor bound to perform the duties which it declines to allow other nations to perform. Of course the United States might conceivably repudiate the Monroe Doctrine and serve notice that it will not accept any responsibility beyond its own borders; but then it would have to acknowledge that it was no true member of the family of nations. Before the United States did that the American people would have to change their character and become a feeble and timid race of men. As long as the United States remains in the family of nations it has a responsibility that extends far beyond the confines of its own territory.

2. Responsibility extending beyond its own borders may under certain circumstances entail on the part of the United States intervention. It did so in the case of Cuba. It may do so in the case of Mexico. The point at which intervention is justifiable is the point at which it becomes clear that no organized government capable of preserving order exists in the disturbed region, or is likely to arise in time to prevent irrevocable disaster to civilized life there. We do not assume to say on newspaper reports when this point is reached. For any journal to do so on no better authority than the statement of newspaper correspondents would not be justified except in cases where nobody, official or otherwise, would think of disputing the facts. The published statement, however, of the American Ambassador to Mexico, Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, which appeared on Friday of last week in the New York "Evening Sun," comes nearer to an official statement than anything that up to that time had appeared. He says: "American citizens here are in great peril because of an urban warfare being conducted in violation of civilized practices and international rules. The American colony have no protection either from the Government or from the revolutionists, but American organizations are endeavoring to meet the situation." This statement shows what a critical stage has been reached. As soon as the facts make it evident that civilized society in Mexico is in peril, and life and property cannot be protected except by intervention, the United States is under moral obligation to intervene.

3. On grounds of both theory and practical efficiency it is clear that the agency of Government on which rests the duty of deciding when the situation calls for intervention is not Congress, but the President. On grounds of theory, because intervention is not a legislative but an executive act, to be distinguished from the function of declaring that a state of war exists, a function which is intrusted by the Constitution to Congress; on grounds of practical efficiency, because if the country were to wait until some four hundred Representatives and Senators threshed the matter out in debate it might wait until the time for effective intervention had gone by. As chief executive of the Nation and as commander of its army and its navy, the President is the one to decide this question.

4. The present duty of the President is, being prepared for any emergency, to follow that course which so far as possible will insure a continuous foreign policy. Within two weeks there is to be a change of Administration. The President may well hesitate to take any action which would commit the incoming Administration to a policy which it would half-heartedly follow or might possibly reverse. President Taft might well ask Mr. Wilson to consult with him as to the policy to be pursued, making it evident that he wished to conform as far as possible to the judgment of the man whose shoulders must soon bear the weight of the executive's duty.

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S REMINISCENCES

At the urgent request of the Editors of The Outlook, Theodore Roosevelt has consented to give to its readers a narrative of some of those experiences, both objective and subjective, which have made his career one of the most dramatic and picturesque in American history. The first installment of this narrative, under the general title "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography," appears in this issue of The Outlook. These chapters, published in our monthly magazine issues during the year 1913, will largely take the place of the weekly editorials which he has hitherto furnished.

Born and bred in a cultivated family in the East; at twenty-one graduated from Harvard University; at twenty-three beginning his work as a political reformer in the New York Legislature; at twenty-six, by his outdoor ranch life in the Northwest, converting a naturally frail constitution into one of abounding vitality and endurance; at twenty-eight Republican candidate for Mayor of the city of New York; at thirty as United States Civil Service Commissioner successfully fighting the spoils system at the National capital; at thirty-six as New York Police Commissioner dealing efficiently with the always difficult police problems of a metropolis; at thirty-eight Assistant Secretary of the Navy, preparing it for its unexampled achievements in the Spanish War, and resigning that office for a position as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders whom he had himself recruited; at forty Governor of the State of New York, and in that office initiating his campaign against the alliance between corrupt politics and corrupt business; and from forty-two to fifty as President of the United States—Mr. Roosevelt's life has been one of remarkably varied experiences which are full of dramatic human interest, political instruction, and ethical inspiration. The chapters of Mr. Roosevelt's personal reminiscences constitute the narrative of a life which could have been possible only in the American Republic in the latter half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

Such a narrative could have been written only by Mr. Roosevelt, for he will relate and interpret events in the political history of this country, National and international, in which he himself was the chief actor. Those who expect sensational revelations are foredoomed to disappointment. He will reveal nothing and say nothing which cannot with perfect propriety be brought to the public attention at this time.

A New York newspaper a few weeks ago printed a despatch from a Washington correspondent in which it was stated that in these reminiscences Mr. Roosevelt intended to print a letter which he had received while President from the Mikado of Japan, asking him as President to become the mediator for peace between Japan and Russia. This paragraph has been reprinted in all parts of Europe, and has led to some very interesting correspondence from those who fear that in these reminiscences Mr. Roosevelt might invade the traditional sanctity of diplomatic negotiations. We may say with authority that these fears are groundless, for Mr. Roosevelt does not possess a letter from the Mikado urging intervention, nor would he publish it in the present narrative if he did possess such a letter. Perhaps no American now living has had a larger and more interesting correspondence and association with persons of importance both abroad and at home than Mr. Roosevelt. Of course those who have trusted him in the past in these personal relations need not begin to fear now that his attitude regarding them has in the slightest degree been changed; for while no man in American public life has been freer or franker in his own self-revelations, no public man has been more discreet in guarding private confidences intrusted to him in his official position.

THE GOOD CITIZEN

Many a man plumes himself on being a good citizen to-day who is in reality a hopelessly bad one—hopelessly so because he thinks himself in no need of change. To be a good citizen requires two essential qualities—knowledge and action. An ignorant citizen is one of the dangers of a republic. An inert citizen is an equal peril to democracy. To know and to act are not always simple and easy duties. But they are fundamental, and a free country demands them from its people, as the very conditions of its liberty and its existence.

The United States is suffering to-day because its so-called good citizens have been content to be ignorant and inert for years. They have been too busy with their own individual gains and schemes either to know about public affairs or to take any action beyond

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that of dropping a vote in a box once or twice a year. Consequently, when a crisis comes, they understand little or nothing of the persons behind it. They blame Socialism as the promoter of all strife, and do not study out what has promoted Socialism itself. They object to having their politics disturbed, and do not see that undisturbed politics must inevitably end in an earthquake.

Each mistake, realized and corrected, takes the citizen just that much further ahead in value as a member of a self-governing community. The Yankee genius for experiment has resulted always in many unsuccessful experiments before the successful result has been reached in any line. But no one can deny that Yankee methods work out surprising progress in invention and in business. The idea of removing Yankee politics from the sphere of experiment and making them secure and sacred is not the idea of the really good, the actively good, citizen. There is, indeed, nothing sacred from the good citizen, in the way of government, because he ought to make the government and work it. That is his business as a citizen—just as much as looking after his home and family is his business as a man.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Would you kindly give in your department of "Letters to Unknown Friends" your thought of how the story of the Book of Daniel should be taught to children? Is it right to let the boys and girls think of this story as literally true, or should endeavor be made to give them the lesson it teaches, explaining its true character? * * *

It is a great deal more important that the child should have faith in his mother than that he should have faith in the Bible. And it is certain that if her use of the Bible is characterized by any insincerity or suspicion of insincerity, she will by such use shake not only her child's faith in her, but his faith in the book as well. If you believe that such stories as the Elisha stories, the Daniel stories, the Jonah story, are history, as history you should treat them in reading them to your children; if you believe they are fiction, you should treat them as fiction; and if you do not know what to think, you should frankly acknowledge your uncertainty. Never under any circumstances pretend to a faith which you do not possess. "Any kind of a person," says E. S. Martin, "will do for a parent except a liar." Children are much keener than we think. They see quickly through shams and false pretensions.

A little more specific answer as to the best method of using the Bible in reading it to children may not be inappropriate. I think we have belittled the Bible by a false reverence. We have assumed that because it is inspired it cannot be human, and because it is true it cannot contain fiction. We have assumed that God is limited in his employment of human faculties for the instruction and elevation of the race to one or two; that he can speak to us through the conscience in law, and through observation in history; but that it is irreverent to suppose that he can speak to us through the imagination and the fancy, and almost irreverent to think that he can speak to us through the emotions.

I hold that the Bible is a collection of Hebrew literature; that it contains law, history, folk-lore, drama, fiction, poetry, political orations, religious orations, ethical culture addresses. I hold that it is a more divine book because it is a human book, and larger in its range of inspiration because it speaks through every faculty and to every faculty. It would be difficult to find any short stories in literature superior to the books of Ruth and Esther, or any epic poem characterized by profounder genius than the poem of Job, or any ethical culture writings more frank in their elucidation of human experience than the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, or any folk-lore more naïve than the Elisha stories and the Daniel stories, or any satirical fiction more keen and cutting than the Book of Jonah.

I did not always think so. When I held the narrower view of the Bible, I read and interpreted Ruth, Esther, Daniel, Jonah, as histories. Now in my private reading and in my public ministry I read them as fiction. It is not necessary always to say, This is history, or This is fiction, but it is necessary always to answer with absolute frankness the question of the child who asks you for your opinion; and it is always necessary that that answer should not be tainted with the least suspicion of reserve, hesitation, or insincerity.

I repeat: It is better that the child should lose faith in the Bible than that he should lose faith in his mother; but if he loses faith in his mother's reading of the Bible, he will lose faith in the Bible as well.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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"WHO BROKE THE WINDOW?"

ANSWERED BY READERS IN COUNCIL

THIS might be called an adjourned meeting of Outlook readers. To those who have not followed the discussion so far, The Outlook, as chairman of the meeting, would say: "Come right in. You will find the discussion just as intelligible as if you had followed it from the beginning. If it interests you, then you can turn back to The Outlook for January 11 and February 15." The subject under discussion is that suggested by the following questions which Principal Hall, of Mansfield, Ohio, has presented:

Good and Bad are two boys, each fourteen years of age. They attend the same school. One day Bad said to Good, "I am going to throw a snowball through the window." Good made no reply. Bad threw the snowball and broke the window, and Good saw him do it. The next morning at school the teacher asked the pupils singly and privately the questions, "Do you know who broke the window?" and "Who broke the window?"

1. What should Good say when the teacher asked him, "Do you know who broke the window?"
2. What should Good say when she asked him, "Who broke the window?"
3. Should the teacher have asked the boy these questions?
4. Should the teacher have the same right as the court in compelling Good to tell?
5. Modern American schools are rapidly adopting systematic instruction in ethics. In your opinion, should children throughout the public schools be *taught* that it is their duty to tell the truth about wrong-doing when questioned by a competent authority?

A number of readers have expressed the opinion that Good, if he is true to his name, will tell on Bad. Some of these readers believe that the teacher should have power to compel Good to tell. Others of these readers do not go so far as that; but hold that if the teacher is the right kind of teacher Good will volunteer the information. These readers expressed their views last week and gave their reasons. Now those readers who have quite another point of view are to have their innings.

As in last week's discussion, the first participant this week will tell a story:

THE SNOWBALL AND THE PRESIDENT

The episode mentioned is almost the counterpart of one that happened to me when in the sophomore year of college. The students had been snowballing, and I think throwing at myself, who stood on a porch of one of the college buildings. One threw a ball through a window. All ran away but myself, who was in no way guilty.

Dr. Y——, President of the University (name fictitious), came out and the following conversation took place:

Dr. Y——: "Mr. B——, did you break that window?"

Myself: "No, sir."

Dr. Y——: "Who was it?"

Myself: "Dr. Y——, if you can find out through some other channel than myself I would prefer you to do so."

Dr. Y——: "Mr. B——, you must tell me!"

Myself: "Dr. Y——, I shall not!"

He turned in anger and strode a step or two and turned and said:

"You will at least inform the young man that I would like to see him."

By this time I admit I was a little aroused, and replied: "Certainly, and he can act his option in calling upon you, for I shall never divulge his name."

We parted. I came down to my home. I confess to some feelings of trepidation, still I felt I was right in my position. At noon my father (who was a member of the faculty) came home, and the following conversation took place:

Father: "You refused Dr. Y—— some information which he asked of you. Why did you do it?"

Myself: "Because I thought he had no business to ask me the question he did. He knows that it was a minor offense, that there is not a student in the University who would willfully do such a thing; and he knows also in what light it would put me in the estimation of my fellows. And the matter has gone so far that no power on earth will make me tell—not even you, sir."

Father: "Well, my son, I don't like you to speak to me that way; but it is all right. Dr. Y—— was very sorry you left the University before he saw you. He went to various places where he hoped to find you. Not finding you, however, he came to my recitation-room and told me the circumstances, and sent word by me, wishing me to tell you that *you were right and he was wrong.*

Do you wonder that sort of man had the

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respect and love of every one of the students and alumni and friends, and that when he passed away there were tears in the eyes of all who knew him? H. B.

Rochester, New York.

The boy—not the teacher—speaks in that story. It is the boy of a past generation speaking through a man's memory, but the boy nevertheless. There is another way the boy can speak; it is through the understanding of a man who is on close terms with boys of to-day. This is the point of view of the following opinion:

FROM THE CAMP

Having acted as "councilor" in a boys' camp, I had the opportunity of dealing with such questions of boy life from a somewhat different point of view from that of the school-teacher.

In the first place, the teacher asked the wrong questions. The question he should have asked was not, "Who broke the window?" but, "Did you break the window?" In most cases, whenever the boy is not really bad, he will admit it, and the affair will be settled with the minimum of unpleasantness. But suppose each boy in turn denies his guilt. If the teacher has no evidence of his own, as is implied in the hypothesis, he has the alternative of finding out from another boy or letting the matter drop. I would strongly urge the latter course as infinitely preferable to asking information from another boy. A few misdeeds may remain shrouded in mystery and unpunished, but the importance of these may easily be overestimated, while the boy's ideals of loyalty to his friends can hardly be overvalued. Neither is it always wise to confront a suspected boy with partial but inconclusive evidence as proof of his guilt if he denies it. The mere knowledge that you have that evidence will subdue him sufficiently if he is guilty, while, if he is innocent, the injury to his pride of a false accusation might be irreparable. Too much of the detective spirit on the part of the teacher often causes a reciprocal distrust on the part of the pupils. What matters it if a few small offenses go unpunished provided that a frank and co-operative spirit rather than an antagonistic one be eventually established?

I do not think that the teacher should have the same right as the court in compelling Good to tell, but my reason differs from that of your article. In my opinion, the difference is not so much in the nature of the authority as in the purpose of the investigation. The function of the court, for the protection of society, is to ascertain the facts in the case at hand without regard to external considerations. The teacher's function is to provide discipline and proper moral guidance for all the boys, including both Good and Bad, and it is better in the end for the discipline and moral tone of the school that Bad should go unpunished than that Good should be compelled to "tell tales."

If, as your article suggests, the offense were the exerting of a corrupt moral influence over a younger boy, instead of the breaking of a window, the case would be different. There is a plain difference between giving specific evidence about a punishable offense and giving general information in regard to another boy's character. A teacher should not ask Good, "Did Bad do such and such a thing?" but she may very properly ask, "What kind of a fellow do you think Bad is?" At our boys' camp, while we under no circumstances allowed a boy to "tell on" another, we frequently talked most frankly with certain of the boys about the character and influence of some of their companions, and the results were beneficial to all concerned.

The experience of camp directors throws considerable light on the question discussed in your article of the reluctance of boys to be considered too good. It has been the happy experience of most camps to find that most boys are glad to be considered "good boys" while at camp, and none are ashamed to be on most intimate terms with the councilors. The reason for this is that the latter generally understand and sympathize with boy nature, which school-teachers very often fail to do. The example before the boys of strong men who are gentlemen is the best and almost the only antidote against the boyish idea that it is manly to be "tough."

This spirit of co-operation between master and pupil, which, by the very nature of the life, is more easily attainable at camp, is nevertheless making itself felt in schools wherever the teachers are true lovers of boy nature. With this spirit questions of discipline arise comparatively seldom, and are easily settled; without it no amount of ethical discussion and theoretical wisdom will give the teacher the slightest real and lasting influence over the boys. EDWARD C. LUKENS.

Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.

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Says a correspondent from Tacoma, Washington:

"Under no circumstances make a tattler of any one. The most reprehensible blots on history—ancient or modern—have been the informers." This feeling seems to lie behind the views of a large group of readers, and from their point of view the question seems to have resolved itself into this—how to maintain discipline and respect for the rights of others and for authority without making tattlers. Mr. Richard Welling writes from New York:

"Good should stoutly decline to tell. To tell on a schoolfellow where the teacher, the natural enemy of the gang, approaches the boy with a question designed to break up the boy's gang loyalty, would stamp the boy as too good. The school you describe is evidently one of those old-fashioned gatherings where the school republic idea has not yet penetrated. In your issue of December 26, 1908, the School Republic is fully described. This is not theory. There are thirty-three of them in this city."

This is an idea that is shared by another reader, Mr. Richard Olding Beard, of the University of Minnesota, who asks:

"May not a solution of the problem be found in the organization of the principle of self-government in the school, in encouraging the transition from the gang to the social democracy upon the part of the boys themselves?

"Why not refer the broken window to the school? Why not establish the social rule that damage demands reparation? Let the pupils as a whole pay for and replace the window, and thus make window-breaking unpopular. Let the school's own mechanism discover the inconvenient Bad, who is probably well known to the gang. Let it call upon him to 'ante up' and thus establish the biologic and social law of cause and effect, of deed and consequence."

That is one solution: to get the boys' group spirit enlisted in behalf of the teacher's point of view. Another method of approach is to get the teacher enlisted in behalf of the boys' point of view. This idea is suggested by the secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association:

GET THE GANG

I have been a worker with boys for some years. As one who has lived with the boy I would say that it would be foolish to ask such a question in such a manner.

Lately, in the town I am now in, a series of "stealings" had been going on. At nights such things as loose change, candy, cakes, etc., were missing out of near-by stores to the Association in which I am secretary. The police wanted to catch the man. None was caught. I saw the matter in a different light. I, from the looks of the affairs, knew it was boys. Bad boys? No. I have always said there were no bad boys, and I still stick to it. I hunted down the fellows—little fellows, mind you, that did not seem to have anything particular to do. I looked up the active ones—those who had energy—and this energy was being misdirected. A dozen little fellows, ages averaging fourteen years, were on my list. What did I do? Did I call them together and ask them who robbed the store and the shop? Did I say, "Now, Mr. Best of the Bunch, which of you boys robbed Mr. Jones last night?" Well, I should say not. I have too much respect for the loyalty of the boy—loyalty to all he has—his gang. I believe in his gang. I know it (the gang) can be as good a force as it is sometimes bad.

No; I notified the young men in question that I wanted to see them separately in my office at a certain time. I let it out to them that I was wise to what was going on and the thing had to be settled. "What thing?" was the question. "You know as well as I," was the answer. So when the time came to interview the little men, I had in my hands pages of material against them that I had traced up. In fact, all I had was my earnest belief that they were guilty and a set of questions I was going to ask.

The result was natural. When I was through, after taking them individually some two or three times, I knew all the facts concerning seven important robberies. The next day two of the boys asked to be excused from school, and came to my office and told me of some things which, as they said, I did not know. Well, the fact was I didn't know the other either.

Now, no boy told on the other—no boy confessed at once that there was anything going on—but by building on my conversation with each I had the story. I got the written confessions. The boys are under probation to me, and are cleaning up. They are better boys to-day, not because they were bad, but because their energies are directed to some other channel.

Now, gentlemen, I believe in working with the individual boy because you are fighting the gang period and comradeship. Never

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ask a bunch of boys who did a certain thing. Find it out yourself. And when you can make the boy feel you know what he knows —my, how he will talk about it!

HARLEY ROSSO.

A teacher in Oxford, Ohio, sends us her answers in a very terse form:

"Children should be taught early in life the difference between tattling and necessary truth-telling. Tattling is a thing to be discouraged, while telling the truth about one's friends, however unpleasant, may sometimes be necessary.

"The teacher ought not to ask Good who broke the window, for in doing so she is asking him to be a telltale. If she is so unwise as to do so, Good is justified in refusing to answer. The teacher should endeavor to create such an atmosphere in the school-room that pupils will be moved to confess their offenses voluntarily.

"When Bad throws a snowball through the window the school property is damaged, but the pupils of the school receive no serious moral injury. But if Bad should be guilty of immoral acts and words, the moral health of the whole school would be endangered. Good should answer the questions of the teacher in regard to the matter. To conceal the offender would be to aid and abet his deeds. If any one was endangering the physical health of the school by poisoning the drinking water, Good should speak out; how much more when moral injury is done!"

Those who have read what The Outlook has said about this question will remember that there was noted there the same distinction that appears in this teacher's terse reply. The discussion is closed with the following:

THE COLLEGE FACULTY AND THE LITTLE SCAMP

At the institution where the writer got his college training there was a puerile rule against the indulgence of bonfires on the part of the undergraduates. During three and a half years the class of which the writer was a member chafed under this rule, not so much because of a consuming desire to burn up something as to show contempt for the regulation. One evening a group encountered a pile of wreckage on the college grounds, and, in a spirit of spontaneous, enthusiastic fun, the thing was done. Property of trifling value, some private and some belonging to the institution, was destroyed. There was no rowdyism, and in thirty minutes the private property had been paid for and funds made available to pay for the rest. The following day the senior class was held incommunicado in chapel, and called out, one by one, each to undergo an inquisition as to the specific part he had played in the affair. The result might have been anticipated. With no previous understanding, the class, to a man (including a large number who had not known of the affair until after it was over), showed an eagerness to shoulder general responsibility, but declined positively and absolutely to answer any and all questions as to specific responsibility. The total result was the wasting of several hours' time, strained relations between class and faculty, and an amusing dicker, by which all just claims were settled for about one-third the amount the active participators had voluntarily decided was a fair valuation of the property destroyed, payment being made and personal receipt secured by a member who was not present when the offense was committed.

The other case occurred in the seventh grade of a grammar school. The offense was rather serious. The teacher (a special teacher having the boys but two hours once a week) felt he was wholly incompetent to handle the case. He had no means of knowing who was the offender. He knew most of the class were as ignorant of the matter as he was. He feared failure in an attempt to find the author of the offense. In these straits, keenly conscious that something should be done, and not knowing exactly what, he grasped at what must have been an inspiration. The class was called together, the offense in its relation to the class was fully explained, and the class was told that they would be expected to deal with the matter in a satisfactory manner. The teacher expressed a desire *not* to know who the offender was. He then retired, subject to recall if his advice was wanted. The result seemed to the writer eminently desirable from every point of view. The class chose, to preside over the deliberations, the worst little scamp (from the average adult point of view) in the class—if not the town—and he, in boy fashion, started out to get results. He first locked the door and put the key in his pocket, to keep those from leaving who, because they knew nothing of the affair, thought they were not concerned. After what was evidently anything but a humdrum session of an hour and a half, the teacher

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was sent for, and, with an unmistakable sense of his responsibility, the little chairman informed him that the matter had been satisfactorily dealt with, and gave convincing assurance that there would be no repetition of that sort of offense. And somehow there seemed to be an implied assurance that there would henceforth be a larger degree of confidence between the class and the teacher.

These and many other personal experiences, the published experiences of others, notably those of William George at the George Junior Republic, and Judge Lindsey, of Denver, convince the writer that measures that will secure constructive co-operation on the part of individuals making up the school community are of infinitely more value in the formation of character than repressive, punitive measures. After all, what the teacher needs to do is to get hold of the child's will. Get him to desire those reactions that will tend to make him a desirable citizen. Give him tangible assurance that his teacher and other adults with whom he comes in contact are members of his community and interested in the same things. If this can be done effectively and generally, I ask in all candor if it will not go a long way toward solving many of the ills of the social body?

There is a larger aspect to this question, however, that I would like to touch upon. In the conduct of our social affairs, is it not patent that too much emphasis is laid on punitive, repressive measures, and not enough on preventive measures? Our courts depend almost entirely on punitive measures. They look to Good or to Bad's pals for voluntary or forced testimony as practically the only means of fixing the guilt on Bad. And who is there that has the temerity to say that justice is found in our courts? It seems notorious that a petty offender often gets more severe treatment from the same court than the author of a more serious offense. If that be justice as between the individuals, there are a goodly number of the community who fail to see it; and I, for one, fail to see where in those cases there is justice for the community, unless, indeed, we admit that society, because it has permitted criminals to be made, is primarily responsible, and is not entitled to protection. And this brings us back to the starting-point. I venture the assertion that the punitive measures of all the courts of Christendom for the past nineteen hundred years as a means of social uplift—and I am tempted to say even as a means of social or individual protection—can be considered practically negligible in effect, when compared with what has been achieved by the method practiced and taught by the Carpenter Prophet of Nazareth.

This may seem to some to be wandering pretty far afield; but I believe I am only touching lightly a few of the things suggested by your article. To put my thoughts briefly, I believe that, while undoubtedly we are compelled to protect ourselves by force against those who *will* break windows, we should place a bit more emphasis on determining the *why*, even if we relax a bit in our effort to determine *who*. It occurs to me that it is of infinitely more importance to learn the cause and remove the incentive than to ascertain the person and remove the individual. In the former case both the individual and society are gainers; in the latter both are losers. I believe this idea is "in the air," so to speak. The agitation for reform in the administration of our penal institutions, for reform of judicial procedure, for better laws, the success attending the methods used by men like Governor Hughes and Governor Wilson to secure beneficent laws at the hands of a hostile legislature, and certain phases of the general social unrest, are a few of the many indications of this.

Don't let us bother so much with *who* broke the window. We know well enough that it has been broken. We know jolly well the kind of a chap that did it, and the incentive he had for it. It has proved to be unprofitable to try too assiduously to make him repair it, or put him where he cannot break more windows. We can, however, if we will, make window-breaking an unpopular pastime, and thereby remove the incentive. Do not let us waste too much of our time and energy trying to force or cajole Good to "snitch" on Bad; but let us devote more of our energies to educating Good to the fact that Bad is injuring him personally when he breaks the window, and I venture the guess that Good is sufficiently large and numerous enough to take good care of the matter, and effectually prevent the throwing of the snowball; then the pressing necessity of ascertaining Bad's identity will automatically disappear.

CHARLES H. STEARNS.

Santa Ana, California.

The meeting stands adjourned subject to the call of the Chair or the request of a sufficient number of readers.

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HENRI BERGSON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TWO teachers of philosophy, Professor Henri Bergson and Professor Rudolf Eucken, have recently aroused a great interest in the student world. Both are now visiting and lecturing in this country. In this and a succeeding article I propose to give some interpretation of their thought to readers who have no time or opportunity for the study of problems in philosophy, and perhaps little interest in them as problems.

But the reader must not expect in either paper an adequate or even an altogether accurate interpretation of the scholarly teachers whom it is my object to introduce to the non-scholastic reader. My interest throughout my life has been in practical, not in theoretical, problems; in philosophy applied to life, not in philosophy as an abstract system of thought. My attempt in these two articles is to give to the readers of The Outlook my own conception of what the philosophies of these two great thinkers will mean when employed as an actual guide to human life and conduct. The philosophy of Professor Bergson might be called The Philosophy of Progress; that of Professor Eucken, The Philosophy of the Spiritual Life. Yet they are equally opposed to the mechanical and fatalistic conceptions of life, and equally treat life as a spiritual experience, and *therefore* as an experience of freedom and progress.

In these two articles I am not advocating the philosophy of either Professor Bergson or Professor Eucken, nor do I merely interpret them: I attempt to tell the reader what they seem to me to mean when applied practically in human experience.

We are accustomed to think of ourselves as living in the present. Our memory reaches back to the past; our hopes reach forward to the future; but the present is the reality in which we live. This habit of thought has been made the basis of a theological theory—that with God there is neither past nor future; with him, therefore, neither memory nor hope; that past and future, memory and hope, are merely incidents of our finite nature.

But, in fact, time is wholly composed of past and future. What we call the present is simply an infinitesimal instant of time which divides the past from the future, a threshold over which we are always passing from the past into the future. In the minute which has been occupied in reading that sentence, sixty seconds that were future have become past. Time is flying by us; the future is ever becoming the past; there is no *now*. This is no figment of our brains, no mere necessary form of thought for finite intelligence. It is the eternal fact. And this flight of time, this transformation of the future into the past, is as true for God as for his children.

Thinking of time as present, we are also accustomed to think of life as stationary. We believe that there are imperfections in the past which growth will cure; that there have been errors committed in the past which wisdom must correct. But this growth and this correction are incidents in a life which is essentially permanent. As we dwell in a house intended for a permanent habitation, though we may add a porch or a window, or may repair a broken pane or a leaking roof, so we dwell in a life intended to be permanent, and reforms and further developments are mere incidents. We may make them or not, as we please.

But, in fact, life is not stationary; there is no permanent habitation. Life is a perpetual transition. Decay and repair, imperfection and development, are not incidents in life. Life is nothing but a perpetual succession of decay and repair, imperfection and development. Life and change are synonymous. There may be progress, there may be repairs, there may be growth, there may be decay. But there is never a moment in which life is stationary.

We think of the solid earth, and in spite of our better knowledge think of it habitually as stationary. In fact, we know that it is moving through space and simultaneously turning on its axis at an incredible rate of speed. We are eating and drinking, talking and laughing, studying and doing business, on an aeroplane which is all the time flying through space with an almost unthinkable velocity. And it is an unfinished aeroplane. It is itself all the time undergoing the most remarkable changes. The earth is being transformed

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into vegetables, the vegetables into animals, both the vegetables and the animals into men and women; and the bodies of the men and women are going back into the earth to become soil again. What is true of the earth on which we dwell is true of the body in which we dwell. The friend you meet today has not the same body he had yesterday. Part of his body has fallen in decay; part is new, furnished by the food he ate. The body is in a perpetual state of flux. It is the same body only as the brook which flows by your house is the same brook it was yesterday; or as your garden next spring will be the same garden that it was last spring; or as The Outlook this week is the same paper as The Outlook last week. The body is like the boy's jackknife: first he broke the blade and got a new blade; then he broke the handle and got a new handle. But he continued to regard it as the knife his father gave him at Christmas.

What is true of the earth we live on and the body we live in is true of our very selves. Our personality is perpetual change. Whatever identity of personality may mean, it does not mean that personality is unchanging. Whatever stability of character may mean, it does not mean that the character is unaltered. Sometimes these changes in character are radical and startling. Napoleon is first a Corsican, hating the French; then a Frenchman glorying in France; first a conservative democrat; then a radical Jacobin; then an imperialist; finally a despot. Luther is first a monk, a humble subject of the Church; then a revolutionist, attacking its very foundation and denying it the right to exist. John B. Gough begins life as a drunken actor, and ends it as the apostle of total abstinence. And still, Napoleon is always Napoleon, Luther is always Luther, Gough is always Gough. In every man are changes in character, not as radical as these, but differing from them only in degree, not in kind. Our personality is a succession of experiences—love and hate, joy and sorrow, learning and forgetting. Our states of consciousness are never stationary. They tread on each other's heels in an endless procession. The thought of one moment becomes a memory of the next. We are the same person, not because the experience remains the same, but because the succession of experiences is, or at least generally appears to us to be, a connected procession. We are always reforming or deforming ourselves, improving or deteriorating, adding to the sum of our knowledge or losing what we once possessed, increasing or decreasing our strength of purpose. "It is, then," says Bergson, "right to say that what we do depends on what we are; but it is necessary to add also that we are, to a certain extent, what we do, and that we are creating ourselves continually."

What is true of the earth, the body, the soul, is true of collective humanity. The social order is continually changing. Nothing endures; nothing is intended to endure. The divine object of life is not permanence, but growth. First the family, then the families developed into a tribe, then the tribes united into a state, then the states coalescing into an empire, and then the empire breaking up into separate states again, followed by a new and better because a freer confederation. First the paternal government—powerful men ruling over all; then individualism—every man doing what is right in his own eyes; then fraternalism—all uniting in political action for the common welfare. First slavery, then feudalism, then the wages system, then the wages system modified by collective bargaining, then we know not what; only we can be sure it will not be a continuance of the present order nor a return to the abandoned order.

The Philosophy of Progress may be stated in a single sentence: To live is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is a ceaseless process of creation. In the universe nothing is finished, everything is in process; there is no present tense; life is a perpetual progress.

The question is often asked, Why has a perfect God made an imperfect world? The question has received various answers. It has been variously said that there are two Gods, a good God and an evil God, working against each other; that God has not created the world, but has created demi-Gods who are imperfect, to whom he has left the creation and government of the world, and that it is not consistent with his beatific character to concern himself with its government; that the study of life indicates that God is not perfect either in goodness or wisdom, that he is benevolent but is actuated by other motives than benevolence, is wise but is not all-wise. The answer of Professor Bergson, if I understand him aright, is that God has not created the world, but is creating it. Creation is not a product; it is a process. He has not made a perfect automaton; he has not made an imperfect automaton; he has not made

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an automaton at all. He is life; and he is imparting his life to a growing world, and to growing men and women. His object is, not perfect creatures, but growing creatures. What is the end? So far as we can see, there is no end. Creation is an endless process.

In the light of this philosophy, the term "eternal life" or "everlasting life" takes on a new meaning. It is eternal growth, everlasting growth. "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul," means, interpreted by this philosophy, that God has imparted his own life to inert, inorganic matter, and the life thus imparted is the power of an endless growth, an eternal development. "I have come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly," means that Jesus Christ came that men might be inspired to a higher, richer, larger power of growth. "In a conscious being to exist is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is to go on creating one's self endlessly."

The glory of this creation, then, is not the glory of the finished product; it is the glory of the imperfect; not the glory of the autumn, but the glory of an endless spring; not the glory of the blossom, but the glory of the bud growing into blossom; not the glory of the garden, but the glory of making a garden; not the glory of a perfected manhood, but the glory of the growing child. When Paul says that he forgets those things which are behind and presses forward toward the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus, the prize he covets is the prize of an eternal progress, the prize of following an ideal which in every attainment calls on him to forget it and press forward to a still higher attainment.

It is not strange that this Philosophy of Progress has brought upon Professor Bergson a storm of protest from the two current schools of fatalism—the scientific and the theological. For both, though their method of argument is very different, reach the same conclusion—that we are living in a finished world. But in the view of the Philosophy of Progress neither the world, nor the men and women who live upon it, are or ever will be finished. There is no finality. Life is eternal; that is, progress is eternal.

The scientific fatalist holds that every phenomenon has been a necessary and inevitable effect from some preceding phenomenon. Event succeeds event as link succeeds link in an endless chain. Whatever is must be. Plant an acorn in the ground, and the oak follows, an inevitable effect of seed and soil and rain and sunshine. So all the creation, including man, has been the product of an imagined seed, planted in an imagined soil, in an imagined past. The mechanical scientist holds that "the existing world lay, potentially, in the cosmic vapor, and that a sufficient intellect could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapor, have predicted, say, the state of the fauna of Great Britain in 1869, with as much certainty as we can say what will happen to the vapor of the breath on a winter's day." This is Professor Huxley's definition of the hypothesis of mechanical science. According to this hypothesis there is no development, no progress; everything in the future already exists in a different form in the present; everything in the present existed in a different form in the past. There is no possibility of either growth or freedom in the universe. Growth and freedom are appearances, not realities. To this Professor Bergson's reply is as conclusive as it is brief: "We cannot sacrifice experience to the requirements of a system. That is why we reject radical mechanism."

This tremendous assumption of the fatalistic scientist is based on his habit of fashioning all his thinking on the observation of unorganized bodies, and unorganized bodies "are regulated by this simple law: the present contains nothing more than the past, and what is found in the effect was already in the cause." But we are not living in an unorganized universe, but in a universe into which the breath of life has been breathed. And this life is change, and change is growth, and growth is progress. This tremendous assumption of the fatalistic scientist—for it is a pure assumption, nothing else—is based on the notion that conscious, active, free life is itself a product of inert matter. In fact, "consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes," as "the movement of the stream is distinct from the river bed, although it must adopt its winding course." Man is himself a first cause of phenomena; and by understanding and obeying the laws of nature finds her a willing servant of his will. The sugar dropped in the glass of water will inevitably sweeten it. But man can decide whether he will drop the sugar in. This is decided *by* him, not *for* him.

The fatalistic theologian is equally hostile

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to the Philosophy of Progress, and to oppose it employs an equally unproved hypothesis. He assumes that God once in some remote past formed a completed plan for life, worked out in all its details; and that we, possessed of a fancied freedom, can do nothing but carry out in minutest detail the plans which he has formed. In the conception of the fatalistic theologian, as in the conception of the scientific fatalist, the universe is a finished product—only the fatalistic scientist conceives it as finished in the seed, and the fatalistic theologian conceives of it as finished in the mind of the Creator. But the one conception is as much an assumption as the other. The one fatalist conceives a seed to account for the universe, the other fatalist conceives a God almost as inert as the imagined matter of which the world is made. Widely as these two fatalists seem to differ, they really start from the same hypothesis: they both "think of *things* which are created and a *thing* which creates." For an imagined Being who is as inert as the matter on which he works, whatever name we give to him, has the quality of *things*, not of persons. He is not a *living* God.

Instead of starting with an assumption which has as little foundation in any study of life in the one hypothesis as in the other, let us examine life itself. And, examining life itself, what we find is a general purpose pursued by a great variety of methods. Professor Bergson compares it to the progress of a road-builder. "The road that leads to the town is obliged to follow the ups and downs of the hills; *it adapts itself* to the accidents of the ground, but the accidents of the ground are not the course of the road, nor have they given it its direction." We are not to conceive of God as a Brahm living in eternal repose; a Being who, having formed a perfect plan, and laid out all the steps necessary to its execution, and set in operation the forces to fulfill his purposes, has retired within himself and left them to do his work. "God has nothing of the already made; he is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery. We experience it in ourselves when we act freely."

In a word, God is a living God; and is creating living men and women; and life is unceasing change, growth, maturing.

Professor James has said: "I have to confess that his [Bergson's] originality is so profound that many of his ideas baffle me entirely. I doubt whether every one understands him all over, so to speak." This would be quite sufficient reason why I should not assume to give to the readers of The Outlook an adequate interpretation of Professor Bergson. I have not here given an interpretation of what probably many of his disciples, what Professor Bergson himself perhaps, would regard as the most fundamental idea in his philosophy. I have given only that phase of his teaching which has for me the greatest interest, is the most strikingly radical, and carries with it the greatest illumination and the greatest inspiration to an aspiring and noble life.[1]

[1] A little booklet of ninety pages by H. W. Carr will give the lay reader a good résumé of the philosophy of Henri Bergson; "Eucken and Bergson, their Significance for Christian Thought," by E. Hermann, will give him a somewhat fuller interpretation of both philosophers. The principal works of Henri Bergson in English translation are "Time and Free-will," "Matter and Memory," "Creative Evolution," and "Laughter." The above article is largely based on "Creative Evolution," and upon some current critiques on Bergson's philosophy written both from the scientific and the theological point of view.

MIST ON THE HUDSON

(MORNING)

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

A thin blue mist on wave and lea,
With tree-boughs etched against the height,—
But far o'erhead cloud-shadows flee
To merge themselves in light.

Shy bird-wings skim the water's crest,—
And in the calm, half-wistful day
Thought folds her pinions of unrest
And drifts in dreams away.

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CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST MESSAGE[1]

By special arrangement with the New York "Times," which holds the American copyright for Captain Scott's last message, The Outlook prints below the complete text of that moving record of suffering and approaching death. The story of the tragedy is told elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

THE causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all the risks which had to be undertaken. One, the loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83 degrees south, stopped us. The soft snow in the lower reaches of the glacier again reduced the pace.

We fought these untoward events with will and conquered, but it ate into our provisions reserve. Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and on that long stretch of 700 miles to the Pole and back worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Seaman Edgar Evans was thought to be the strongest man of the party, and Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather. But on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This, with a sick companion, enormously increased our anxieties. I have said elsewhere that we got into frightfully rough ice, and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us at the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have done better in the weather which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit, in latitude 85 degrees to 86 degrees, we had minus twenty to minus thirty. On the Barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, 10,000 feet lower, we had minus thirty in the day and minus forty-seven at night pretty regularly, with a continuous head-wind during our day marches.

These circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause.

I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and, finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure the final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow!

We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale blowing about us. We are weak.

Writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.

But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.

These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale. But surely, surely, a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for. (Signed) R. SCOTT.

March 25, 1912.

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CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FIRST CHAPTER

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

MY grandfather on my father's side was of almost purely Dutch blood. When he was young he still spoke some Dutch, and Dutch was last used in the services of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York while he was a small boy.

About 1644 his ancestor Klaes Martensen van Roosevelt came to New Amsterdam as a "settler"—the euphemistic name for an immigrant who came over in the steerage of a sailing ship in the seventeenth century instead of the steerage of a steamer in the nineteenth century. From that time for the next seven generations from father to son every one of us was born on Manhattan Island.

My father's paternal ancestors were of Holland stock; except that there was one named Waldron, a wheelwright, who was one of the Pilgrims who remained in Holland when the others came over to found Massachusetts, and who then accompanied the Dutch adventurers to New Amsterdam. My father's mother was a Pennsylvanian of Irish and Scotch descent; a woman of singular sweetness and strength, the keystone of the arch in her relations with her husband and sons. Although she was not herself Dutch, it was she who taught me the only Dutch I ever knew, a baby song of which the first line ran "Trippe troppa tronjes." I always remembered this, and when I was in East Africa it proved a bond of union between me and the Boer settlers, not a few of whom knew it, although at first they always had difficulty in understanding my pronunciation—at which I do not wonder. It was interesting to meet these men whose ancestors had gone to the Cape about the time that mine went to America two centuries and a half previously, and to find that the descendants of the two streams of emigrants still crooned to their children some at least of the same nursery songs.

Of my great-grandfather Roosevelt and his family life a century and over ago I know little beyond what is implied in some of his books that have come down to me—the Letters of Junius, a biography of John Paul Jones, Chief Justice Marshall's "Life of Washington." They seem to indicate that his library was less interesting than that of my wife's great-grandfather at the same time, which certainly included such volumes as the original "Edinburgh Review," for we have them now on our own book-shelves. Of my grandfather Roosevelt my most vivid childish reminiscence is not something I saw, but a tale that was told me concerning him. In *his* boyhood Sunday was as dismal a day for small Calvinistic children of Dutch descent as if they had been of Puritan or Scotch Covenanting or French Huguenot descent—and I speak as one proud of his Holland, Huguenot, and Covenanting ancestors, and proud that the blood of that stark Puritan divine Jonathan Edwards flows in the veins of his children. One summer afternoon, after listening to an unusually long Dutch Reformed sermon for the second time that day, my grandfather, a small boy, running home before the congregation had dispersed, ran into a party of pigs, which then wandered free in New York's streets. He promptly mounted a big boar, which no less promptly bolted and carried him at full speed through the midst of the outraged congregation.

By the way, one of the Roosevelt documents which came down to me illustrates the change that has come over certain aspects of public life since the time which pessimists term

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"the earlier and better days of the Republic." Old Isaac Roosevelt was a member of an Auditing Committee which shortly after the close of the Revolution approved the following bill:

The State of New York to John Cape *Dr.*

To a Dinner Given by His Excellency the Governor and Council to their Excellencies the Minnister of France and General Washington & Co.

1783
December

To 120 dinners at	48: 0:0
To 135 Bottles Madira	54: 0:0
" 36 ditto Port	10:16:0
" 60 ditto English Beer	9: 0:0
" 30 Bouls Punch	9: 0:0
" 8 dinners for Musick	1:12:0
" 10 ditto for Sarvts	2: 0:0
" 60 Wine Glasses Broken	4:10:0
" 8 Cutt decanters Broken	3: 0:0
" Coffee for 8 Gentlemen	1:12:0
" Music fees &ca	8: 0:0
" Fruit & Nuts	5: 0:0
	£156:10:0
By Cash	100:16:0
	55:14:0

We a Committee of Council having examined the above account do certify it (amounting to one hundred and fifty-six Pounds ten Shillings) to be just.
December 17th 1783.

ISAAC ROOSEVELT
JAS. DUANE
EGBT. BENSON
FRED. JAY

Received the above Contents in full
New York 17th December 1783

JOHN CAPE

Think of the Governor of New York now submitting such a bill for such an entertainment of the French Ambassador and the President of the United States! Falstaff's views of the proper proportion between sack and bread are borne out by the proportion between the number of bowls of punch and bottles of port, madeira, and beer consumed, and the "coffee for eight gentlemen"—apparently the only ones who lasted through to that stage of the dinner. Especially admirable is the nonchalant manner in which, obviously as a result of the drinking of said bottles of wine and bowls of punch, it is recorded that eight cut-glass decanters and sixty wine-glasses were broken.

During the Revolution some of my forefathers, North and South, served respectably, but without distinction, in the army, and others rendered similar service in the Continental Congress or in various local legislatures. By that time those who dwelt in the North were for the most part merchants, and those who dwelt in the South planters.

My mother's people were predominantly of Scotch, but also of Huguenot and English, descent. She was a Georgian, her people having come to Georgia from South Carolina before the Revolution. The original Bulloch was a lad from the Hebrides, who came hither a couple of centuries ago, just as hundreds of thousands of needy, enterprising Scotchmen have gone to the four quarters of the globe in the intervening two hundred years. My mother's great-great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, was the first Revolutionary "President" of Georgia. My grandfather, her father, spent the winters in Savannah and the summers at Roswell, in the Georgia uplands near Atlanta, finally making Roswell his permanent home. He used to travel thither with his family and their belongings in his own carriage, followed by a baggage wagon. I never saw Roswell until I was President, but my mother told me so much about the place that when I did see it I felt as if I already knew every nook and corner of it, and as if it were haunted by the ghosts of all the men and women who had lived there. I do not mean merely my own family, I mean the slaves. My mother and her sister, my aunt, used to tell us children all kinds of stories about the slaves. One of the most fascinating referred to a very old darky called Bear Bob, because in the early days of settlement he had been partially scalped by a black bear. Then there was Mom' Grace, who was for a time my mother's nurse, and whom I had supposed to be dead, but who greeted me when I did come to Roswell, very respectable, and apparently with years of life before her. The two chief personages of the drama that used to be repeated to us were Daddy Luke, the Negro overseer, and his wife, Mom' Charlotte. I never saw either Daddy Luke or Mom' Charlotte, but I inherited the care of them when my mother died. After the close of the war they resolutely refused to be emancipated or leave the place. The only demand they made upon us was enough money annually to get a new "critter," that is, a mule. With a certain lack of ingenuity the mule was reported each Christmas as having passed away, or at least as having become so infirm as to necessitate a successor—a solemn fiction which neither deceived nor was intended to deceive, but which furnished a gauge for the size of the Christmas gift.

My grandfather's house was on the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and pretty much everything in it that was portable was taken by the boys in blue, including most of the books in the library. When I was President the facts about my ancestry were published,

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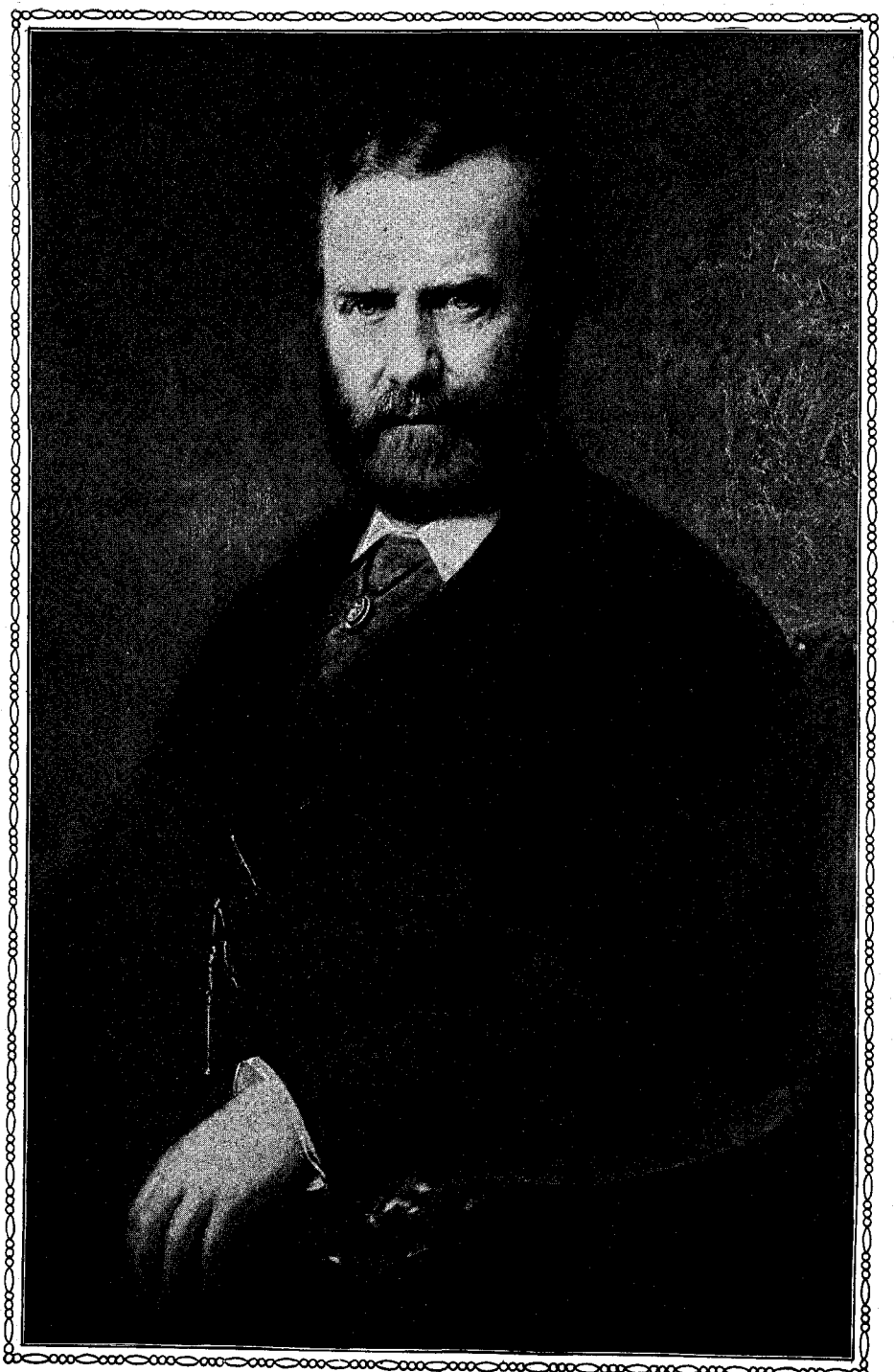

"MY FATHER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WAS THE BEST MAN I EVER KNEW"

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and a former soldier in Sherman's army sent me back one of the books with my grandfather's name in it. It was a little copy of the poems of "Mr. Gray"—an eighteenth-century edition printed in Glasgow.

On October 27, 1858, I was born at No. 28 East Twentieth Street, New York City, in the house in which we lived during the time that my two sisters and my brother and I were small children. It was furnished in the canonical taste of the New York which George William Curtis described in the "Potiphar Papers." The black haircloth furniture in the dining-room scratched the bare legs of the children when they sat on it. The middle room was a library, with tables, chairs, and bookcases of gloomy respectability. It was without windows, and so was available only at night. The front room, the parlor, seemed to us children to be a room of much splendor, but was open for general use only on Sunday evening or on rare occasions when there were parties. The Sunday evening family gathering was the redeeming feature in a day which otherwise we children did not enjoy—chiefly because we were all of us made to wear clean clothes and keep neat. The ornaments of that parlor I remember now, including the gas chandelier decorated with a great quantity of cut-glass prisms. These prisms struck me as possessing peculiar magnificence. One of them fell off one day, and I hastily grabbed it and stowed it away, passing several days of furtive delight in the treasure, a delight always alloyed with fear that I would be found out and convicted of larceny. There was a Swiss wood-carving representing a very big hunter on one side of an exceedingly small mountain, and a herd of chamois, disproportionately small for the hunter and large for the mountain, just across the ridge. This always fascinated us; but there was a small chamois kid for which we felt agonies lest the hunter might come on it and kill it. There was also a Russian moujik drawing a gilt sledge on a piece of malachite. Some one mentioned in my hearing that malachite was a valuable marble. This fixed in my mind that it was valuable exactly as diamonds are valuable. I accepted that moujik as a priceless work of art, and it was not until I was well in middle age that it occurred to me that I was mistaken.

The summers we spent in the country, now at one place, now at another. We children of course loved the country beyond anything. We disliked the city. We were always wildly eager to get to the country when spring came, and very sad when in the late fall the family moved back to town. In the country we of course had all kinds of pets—cats, dogs, rabbits, a coon, and a sorrel Shetland pony named General Grant. When my younger sister first heard of the real General Grant, by the way, she was much struck by the coincidence that some one should have given him the same name as the pony. (Thirty years later my own children had *their* pony Grant.) In the country we children ran barefoot much of the time, and the seasons went by in a round of uninterrupted and enthralling pleasures—supervising the haying and harvesting, picking apples, hunting frogs successfully and woodchucks unsuccessfully, gathering hickory-nuts and chestnuts for sale to patient parents, building wigwams in the woods, and sometimes playing Indians in too realistic manner by staining ourselves (and incidentally our clothes) in liberal fashion with poke-cherry juice. Thanksgiving was an appreciated festival, but it in no way came up to Christmas. Christmas was an occasion of literally delirious joy. In the evening we hung up our stockings—or rather the biggest stockings we could borrow from the grown-ups—and before dawn we trooped in to open them while sitting on father's and mother's bed; and the bigger presents were arranged, those for each child on its own table, in the drawing-room, the doors to which were thrown open after breakfast. I never knew any one else have what seemed to me such attractive Christmases, and in the next generation I tried to reproduce them exactly for my own children.

My father, Theodore Roosevelt, was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us understand that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man. With great love and patience, and the most understanding sympathy and consideration, he combined insistence on discipline. He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid. I do not mean that it was a wrong fear, for he was entirely just, and we children adored him. We used to wait in the library in the

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"MY MOTHER, MARTHA BULLOCH, WAS A SWEET, GRACIOUS, BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN WOMAN, A DELIGHTFUL COMPANION AND BELOVED BY EVERYBODY"

evening until we could hear his key rattling in the latch of the front hall, and then rush out to greet him; and we would troop into his room while he was dressing, to stay there as long as we were permitted, eagerly examining anything which came out of his pockets which could be regarded as an attractive novelty. Every child has fixed in his memory various details which strike it as of grave importance. The trinkets he used to keep in a little box on his dressing-table we children always used to speak of as "treasures." The word, and some of the trinkets themselves, passed on to the next generation. My own children, when small, used to troop into my room while I was dressing, and the gradually accumulating trinkets in the "ditty-box"—the gift of an enlisted man in the navy—always excited rapturous joy. On occasions of solemn festivity each child would receive a trinket for his or her "very own." My own children, when very small, by the way, enjoyed one pleasure I do not remember enjoying myself. When I came back from riding, the child who brought the boot-jack would itself promptly get into the boots, and clump up and down the room with a delightful feeling of kinship with Jack of the seven-league strides.

The punishing incident I have referred to

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happened when I was four years old. I bit my elder sister's arm. I do not remember biting her arm, but I do remember running down to the yard, perfectly conscious that I had committed a crime. From the yard I went into the kitchen, got some dough from the cook, and crawled under the kitchen table. In a minute or two my father entered from the yard and asked where I was. The warm-hearted Irish cook had a characteristic contempt for "informers," but although she said nothing she compromised between informing and her conscience by casting a look under the table. My father immediately darted for me under the table. I feebly heaved the dough at him, and, having the advantage of him because I could stand up under the table, got a fair start for the stairs, but was caught half-way up them. The punishment that ensued fitted the crime, and I hope—and believe—that it did me good.

I never knew any one who got greater joy out of living than did my father, or any one who more whole-heartedly performed every duty; and no one whom I have ever met approached his combination of enjoyment of life and performance of duty.

He worked hard at his business, for he died when he was forty-six, too early to have retired. He was interested in every social reform movement, and he did an immense amount of practical charitable work himself. He was a big, powerful man, with a leonine face, and his heart filled with gentleness for those who needed help or protection, and with the possibility of much wrath against a bully or an oppressor. He was very fond of riding both on the road and across the country, and was also a great whip. He usually drove four-in-hand, or else a spike team, that is, a pair with a third horse in the lead. I do not suppose that such a team exists now. The trap that he drove we always called the high phaeton. The wheels turned under in front. I have it yet. He drove long-tailed horses, harnessed loose in light American harness, so that the whole rig had no possible resemblance to anything that would be seen now. My father always excelled in improving every spare half-hour or three-quarters of an hour, whether for work or enjoyment. Much of his four-in-hand driving was done in the summer afternoons when he would come out on the train from his business in New York. My

"I NEVER SAW ROSWELL UNTIL I WAS PRESIDENT"

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mother and one or perhaps two of us children might meet him at the station. I can see him now getting out of the car in his linen duster, jumping into the wagon, and instantly driving off at a rattling pace, the duster sometimes bagging like a balloon. The four-in-hand, as can be gathered from the above description, did not in any way in his eyes represent possible pageantry. He drove it because he liked it. He was always preaching caution to his boys, but in this respect he did not practice his preaching overmuch himself; and, being an excellent whip, he liked to take chances. Generally they came out all right. Occasionally they did not; but he was even better at getting out of a scrape than into it. Once when we were driving into New York late at night the leaders stopped. He flicked them, and the next moment we could dimly make out that they had jumped. It then appeared that the street was closed and that a board had been placed across it, resting on two barrels, but without a lantern. Over this board the leaders had jumped, and there was considerable excitement before we got the board taken off the barrels and resumed our way. When in the city on Thanksgiving or Christmas, my father was very apt to drive my mother and a couple of friends up to the racing park to take lunch. But he was always back in time to go to the dinner at the Newsboys' Lodging-House, and not infrequently also to Miss Sattery's Night School for little Italians. At a very early age we children were taken with him and were required to help. He was a stanch friend of Charles Loring Brace, and was particularly interested in the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses and in the night schools and in getting the children off the streets and out on farms in the West. When I was President, the Governor of Alaska under me, Governor Brady, was one of these ex-newsboys who had been sent from New York out West by Mr. Brace and my father. My father was greatly interested in the societies to prevent cruelty to children and cruelty to animals. On Sundays he had a mission class. On his way to it he used to drop us children at our Sunday-school in Dr. Adams's Presbyterian Church on Madison Square; I remember hearing my aunt, my mother's sister, saying that when he walked along with us children he always reminded her of Greatheart in Bunyan. Under the spur of his example I taught a mission class myself for three years before going to college and for all four years that I was in college. I do not think I made much of a success of it. But the other day on getting out of a taxi in New York the chauffeur spoke to me and told me that he was one of my old Sunday-school pupils. I remembered him well, and was much pleased to find that he was an ardent Bull Mooser!

"HER MOTHER, MY GRANDMOTHER, ONE OF THE DEAREST OF OLD LADIES, LIVED WITH US"

My mother, Martha Bulloch, was a sweet, gracious, beautiful Southern woman, a delightful companion and beloved by everybody. She was entirely "unreconstructed" to the day of her death. Her mother, my grandmother, one of the dearest of old ladies, lived with us, and was distinctly over-indulgent to us children, being quite unable to harden her heart towards us even when the occasion demanded it. Towards the close of the Civil War, although a very small boy, I grew to have a partial but alert understanding of the fact that the family were not one in their views about that conflict, my father being a strong Lincoln Republican; and once, when I felt that I had been wronged by maternal discipline during the day, I attempted a partial vengeance by praying with loud fervor for the success of the Union arms, when we all came to say our prayers before my mother in the evening. She was not only a most devoted mother, but was also blessed with a strong sense of humor, and she was too much amused to punish me; but I was warned not to repeat the offense, under pen-

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alty of my father's being informed—he being the dispenser of serious punishment. Morning prayers were with my father. We used to stand at the foot of the stairs, and when father came down we called out, "I speak for you and the cubby-hole too!" There were three of us young children, and we used to sit with father on the sofa while he conducted morning prayers. The place between father and the arm of the sofa we called the "cubby-hole." The child who got that place we regarded as especially favored both in comfort and somehow or other in rank and title. The two who were left to sit on the much wider expanse of sofa on the other side of father were outsiders for the time being.

My aunt Anna, my mother's sister, lived with us. She was as devoted to us children as was my mother herself, and we were equally devoted to her in return. She taught us our lessons while we were little. She and my mother used to entertain us by the hour with tales of life on the Georgia plantations; of hunting fox, deer, and wildcat; of the long-tailed driving horses, Boone and Crockett, and of the riding horses, one of which was named Buena Vista in a fit of patriotic exaltation during the Mexican War; and of the queer goings-on in the Negro quarters. She knew all the "Br'er Rabbit" stories, and I was brought up on them. One of my uncles, Robert Roosevelt, was much struck with them, and took them down from her dictation, publishing them in "Harper's," where they fell flat. This was a good many years before a genius arose who in "Uncle Remus" made the stories immortal.

My mother's two brothers, James Dunwoodie Bulloch and Irving Bulloch, came to visit us shortly after the close of the war. Both came under assumed names, as they were among the Confederates who were at that time exempted from the amnesty. "Uncle Jimmy" Bulloch was a dear old retired sea-captain, utterly unable to "get on" in the worldly sense of that phrase, as valiant and simple and upright a soul as ever lived, a veritable Colonel Newcome. He was an Admiral in the Confederate navy, and was the builder of the famous Confederate war vessel Alabama. My uncle Irving Bulloch was a midshipman on the Alabama, and fired the last gun discharged from her batteries in the fight with the Kearsarge. Both of these uncles lived in Liverpool after the war.

My uncle Jimmy Bulloch was forgiving and just in reference to the Union forces, and could discuss all phases of the Civil War with entire fairness and generosity. But in English politics he promptly became a Tory of the most ultra-conservative school. Lincoln and Grant he could admire, but he would not listen to anything in favor of Mr. Gladstone. The only occasions on which I ever shook his faith in me were when I would venture meekly to suggest that some of the manifestly preposterous falsehoods about Mr. Gladstone could not be true. My uncle was one of the best men I have ever known, and when I have sometimes been tempted to wonder how good people can believe of me the unjust and impossible things they do believe, I have consoled myself by thinking of Uncle Jimmy Bulloch's perfectly sincere conviction that Gladstone was a man of quite exceptional and nameless infamy in both public and private life.

I was a sickly, delicate boy, suffered much from asthma, and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where I could breathe. One of my memories is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me. I went very little to school. I never went to the public schools, as my own children later did, both at the "Cove school" at Oyster Bay and at the "Ford school" in Washington. For a few months I attended Professor McMullen's school in Twentieth Street near the house where I was born, but most of the time I had tutors. As I have already said, my aunt taught me when I was small. At one time we had a French governess, a loved and valued "mam'selle," in the household.

When I was ten years old I made my first journey to Europe. My birthday was spent in Cologne, and in order to give me a thoroughly "party" feeling I remember that my mother put on full dress for my birthday dinner. I do not think I gained anything from this particular trip abroad. I cordially hated it, as did my younger brother and sister. Practically all the enjoyment we had was in exploring any ruins or mountains when we could get away from our elders, and in playing in the different hotels. Our one desire was to get back to America, and we regarded Europe with the most ignorant chauvinism and contempt. Four years later, however, I made another journey to Europe, and was old enough to enjoy it thoroughly and profit by it.

While still a small boy I began to take

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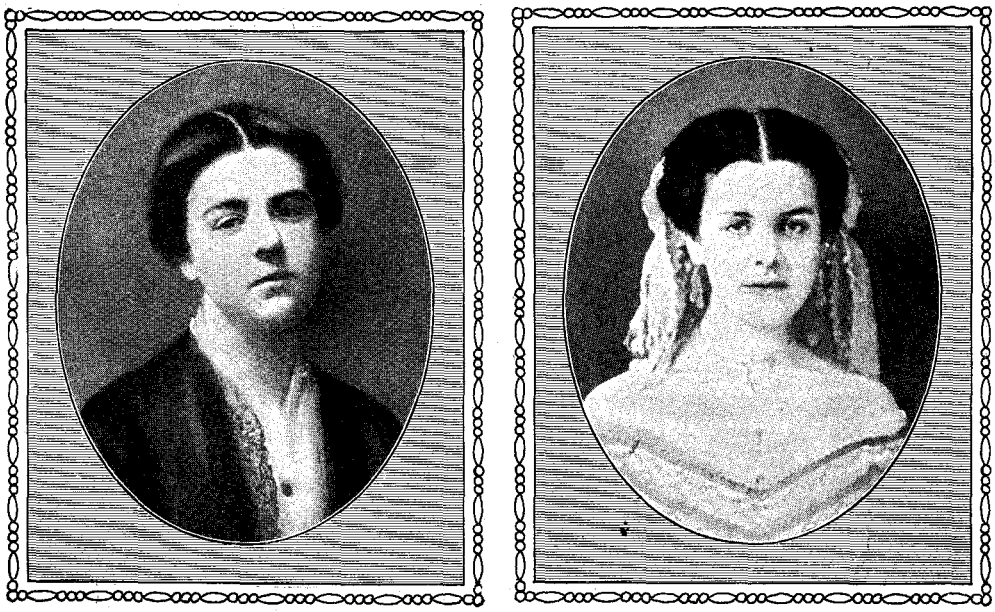

"TWO GEORGIA GIRLS"—MARTHA BULLOCH AND ANNA BULLOCH

interest in natural history. I remember distinctly the first day that I started on my career as zoölogist. I was walking up Broadway, and as I passed the market to which I used sometimes to be sent before breakfast to get strawberries I suddenly saw a dead seal laid out on a slab of wood. That seal filled me with every possible feeling of romance and adventure. I asked where it was killed, and was informed in the harbor. I had already begun to read some of Mayne Reid's books and other boys' books of adventure, and I felt that this seal brought all these adventures in realistic fashion before me. As long as that seal remained there I haunted the neighborhood of the market day after day. I measured it, and I recall that, not having a tape measure, I had to do my best to get its girth with a folding pocket foot-rule, a difficult undertaking. I carefully made a record of the utterly useless measurements, and at once began to write a natural history of my own, on the strength of that seal. This, and subsequent natural histories, were written down in blank books in simplified spelling wholly unpremeditated and unscientific. I had vague aspirations of in some way or another owning and preserving that seal, but they never got beyond the purely formless stage. I think, however, I did get the seal's skull, and with two of my cousins promptly started what we ambitiously called the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History." The collections were at first kept in my room, until a rebellion on the part of the chambermaid received the approval of the higher authorities of the household and the collection was moved up to a kind of bookcase in the back hall upstairs. It was the ordinary small boy's collection of curios, quite incongruous and entirely valueless except from the standpoint of the boy himself. My father and mother encouraged me warmly in this, as they always did in anything that would give me wholesome pleasure or help to develop me.

The adventure of the seal and the novels of Mayne Reid together strengthened my instinctive interest in natural history. I was too young to understand much of Mayne Reid, excepting the adventure part and the natural history part—these enthralled me. But of course my reading was not wholly confined to natural history. There was very little effort made to compel me to read books, my father and mother having the good sense not to try to get me to read anything I did not like, unless it was in the way of study. I was given the chance to read books that they thought I ought to read, but if I did not like them I was then given some other good book that I did like. There were certain books that were *taboo*. For instance, I was not allowed to read dime novels. I obtained some surreptitiously and did read them, but I do not think that the enjoyment compensated for the feeling of guilt. I was also forbidden to read the only one of Ouida's

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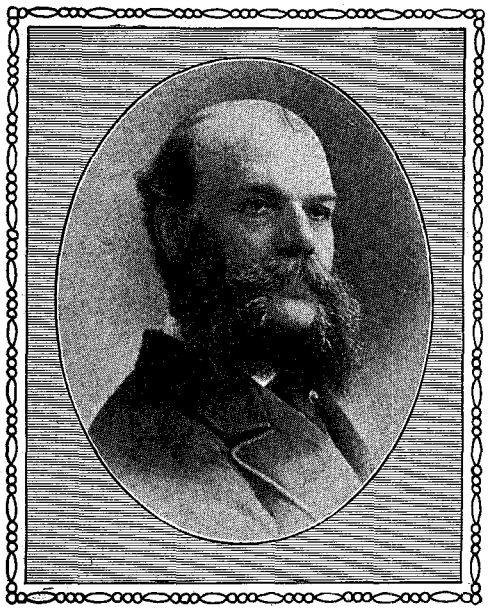

"MY 'UNCLE JIMMY' BULLOCH WAS A DEAR OLD SEA-CAPTAIN — A VERITABLE COLONEL NEWCOME"

books which I wished to read—"Under Two Flags." I did read it nevertheless, with greedy and fierce hope of coming on something unhealthy; but as a matter of fact all the parts that might have seemed unhealthy to an older person made no impression on me whatever. I simply enjoyed in a rather confused way the general adventures.

I think there ought to be children's books. I think that the child will like grown-up books also, and I do not believe a child's book is really good unless grown-ups get something out of it. For instance, there is a book I did not have when I was a child because it was not written. It is Laura E. Richards's "Nursery Rhymes." My own children loved them dearly, and their mother and I loved them almost equally; the delightfully light-hearted "Man from New Mexico who Lost his Grandmother out in the Snow," the adventures of "The Owl, the Eel, and the Warming-Pan," and the extraordinary genealogy of the kangaroo whose "father was a whale with a feather in his tail who lived in the Greenland sea," while "his mother was a shark who kept very dark in the Gulf of Caribee."

As a small boy I had "Our Young Folks," which I then firmly believed to be the very best magazine in the world—a belief, I may add, which I have kept to this day unchanged, for I seriously doubt if any magazine for old or young has ever surpassed it. Both my wife and I have the bound volumes of "Our Young Folks" which we preserved from our youth. I have tried to read again the Mayne Reid books which I so dearly loved as a boy, only to find, alas! that it is impossible. But I really believe that I enjoy going over "Our Young Folks" now nearly as much as ever. "Cast Away in the Cold," "Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead," "The William Henry Letters" and a dozen others like them were first-class, good healthy stories, interesting in the first place, and in the next place teaching manliness, decency, and good conduct. At the cost of being deemed effeminate I will add that I greatly liked the girls' stories—"Pussy Willow" and a "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," just as I worshiped "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl."

This enjoyment of the gentler side of life did not prevent my reveling in such tales of adventure as Ballantyne's stories, or Marryat's "Midshipman Easy." I suppose everybody has kinks in him, and even as a child there were books which I ought to have liked and did not. For instance, I never cared at all for the first part of "Robinson Crusoe" (and although it is unquestionably the best part, I do not care for it now); whereas the second part, containing the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the wolves in the Pyrenees, and out in the Far East, simply fascinated me. What I did like in the first part were the adventures before Crusoe finally reached his island, the fight with the Sallee Rover, and the allusion to the strange beasts at night taking their improbable bath in the ocean. Thanks to being already an embryo zoölogist, I disliked the "Swiss Family Robinson" because of the wholly impossible collection of animals met by that worthy family as they ambled inland from the wreck. Even in poetry it was the relation of adventures that most appealed to me as a boy. At a pretty early age I began to read certain books of poetry, notably Longfellow's poems, "The Saga of King Olaf," which absorbed me. This introduced me to Scandinavian literature; and I have never lost my interest in and affection for it.

Among my first books was a volume of a hopelessly unscientific kind by Mayne Reid, about mammals, illustrated with pictures no more artistic than but quite as thrilling as those in the typical school geography. When my father found how deeply interested I was

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in this not very accurate volume, he gave me a little book by J. G. Wood, the English writer of popular books on natural history, and then a larger one of his called "Homes Without Hands." Both of these were cherished possessions. They were studied eagerly; and they finally descended to my children. The "Homes Without Hands," by the way, grew to have an added association in connection with a pedagogical failure on my part. In accordance with what I believed was some kind of modern theory of making education interesting and not letting it become a task, I endeavored to teach my eldest small boy one or two of his letters from the title-page. As the letter "H" appeared in the title an unusual number of times, I selected that to begin on, my effort being to keep the small boy interested, not to let him realize that he was learning a lesson, and to convince him that he was merely having a good time. Whether it was the theory or my method of applying it that was defective I do not know, but I certainly absolutely eradicated from his brain any ability to learn what "H" was; and long after he had learned all the other letters of the alphabet in the old-fashioned way, he proved wholly unable to remember "H" under any circumstances.

Quite unknown to myself, I was, while a boy, under a hopeless disadvantage in studying nature. I was very near-sighted, so that the only things I could study were those I ran against or stumbled over. When I was about thirteen I was allowed to take lessons in taxidermy from a Mr. Bell, a tall, clean-shaven, white-haired old gentleman, as straight as an Indian, who had been a companion of Audubon's. He had a musty little shop, somewhat on the order of Mr. Venus's shop in "Our Mutual Friend," a little shop in which he had done very valuable work for science. This "vocational study," as I suppose it would be called by modern educators, spurred and directed my interest in collecting specimens for mounting and preservation. It was this summer that I got my first gun, and it puzzled me to find that my companions seemed to see things to shoot at which I could not see at all. One day they read aloud an advertisement in huge letters on a distant billboard, and I then realized that something was the matter, for not only was I unable to read the sign but I could not even see the letters. I spoke of this to my father, and soon afterwards got my first pair of spectacles, which literally opened an entirely

"MY UNCLE IRVING BULLOCH WAS A MIDSHIPMAN ON THE ALABAMA AND FIRED THE LAST GUN DISCHARGED FROM HER BATTERIES IN THE FIGHT WITH THE KEARSARGE"

new world to me. I had no idea how beautiful the world was until I got those spectacles. I had been a clumsy and awkward little boy, and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was doubtless due to general characteristics, a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see and yet was wholly ignorant that I was not seeing. The recollection of this experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical causes of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious, or mentally stupid.

This same summer, too, I obtained various new books on mammals and birds, including the publications of Spencer Baird, for instance, and made an industrious book-study of the subject. I did not accomplish much in outdoor study because I did not get spectacles until late in the fall, a short time before I started with the rest of the family for a second trip to Europe. We were living at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. My gun was a breech-loading, pin-fire double-barrel, of French manufacture. It was an excellent gun for a clumsy and often absent-minded boy. There was no spring to open it, and if the mechanism became rusty it could be opened with a brick without serious damage. When the cartridges stuck they could be

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removed in the same fashion. If they were loaded, however, the result was not always happy, and I tattooed myself with partially unburned grains of powder more than once.

When I was fourteen years old, in the winter of '72 or '73, I visited Europe for the second time, and this trip formed a really useful part of my education. We went to Egypt, journeyed up the Nile, traveled through the Holy Land and part of Syria, visited Greece and Constantinople; and then we children spent the summer in a German family in Dresden. My first real collecting as a student of natural history was done in Egypt during this journey. By this time I had a good working knowledge of American bird life from the superficially scientific standpoint. I had no knowledge of the ornithology of Egypt, but I picked up in Cairo a book by an English clergyman, whose name I have now forgotten, who described a trip up the Nile, and in an appendix to his volume gave an account of his bird collection. I wish I could remember the name of the author now, for I owe that book very much. Without it I should have been collecting entirely in the dark, whereas with its aid I could generally find out what the birds were. My first knowledge of Latin was obtained by learning the scientific names of the birds and mammals which I collected and classified by the aid of such books as this one.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "ROOSEVELT MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY"
Theodore Roosevelt at the age of ten

The birds I obtained up the Nile and in Palestine represented merely the usual boy's collection. Some years afterward I gave them, together with the other ornithological specimens I had gathered, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and I think some of them also to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. I am told that the skins are to be found yet in both places and in other public collections. I doubt whether they have my original labels on them. With great pride the directors of the "Roosevelt Museum," consisting of myself and the two cousins aforesaid, had printed a set of Roosevelt Museum labels in pink ink preliminary to what was regarded as my adventurous trip to Egypt. This bird-collecting gave what was really the chief zest to my Nile journey. I was old enough and had read enough to enjoy the temples and the desert scenery and the general feeling of romance; but this in time would have palled if I had not also had the serious work of collecting and preparing my specimens. Doubtless the family had their moments of suffering—especially on one occasion when a well-meaning maid extracted from my taxidermist's outfit the old tooth-brush with which I put on the skins the arsenical soap necessary for their preservation, partially washed it, and left it with the rest of my wash kit for my own personal use. I suppose that all growing boys tend to be grubby; but the ornithological small boy, or indeed the boy with the taste for natural history of any kind, is generally the very grubbiest of all. An added element in my case was the fact that while in Egypt I suddenly started to grow. As there were no tailors up the Nile, when I got back to Cairo I needed a new outfit. But there was one suit of clothes too good to throw away, which we kept for a "change," and which was known as my "Smike suit," because it left my wrists and ankles as bare as those of poor Smike himself.

When we reached Dresden we younger children were left to spend the summer in the house of Herr Minckwitz, a member of either the Municipal or the Saxon Government—I have forgotten which. It was hoped that in this way we would acquire some knowledge of the German language and literature. They were the very kindest family imaginable. I shall never forget the unwearied patience of the two daughters. The father and mother, and a shy, thin, student cousin who was living in the flat, were no less kind. Whenever I could get out into the country I collected specimens industriously and enlivened the household with hedgehogs and other small beasts and reptiles which persisted in escaping from partially closed bureau drawers. The two sons were fascinating students from the University of Leipsic, both of them belong-

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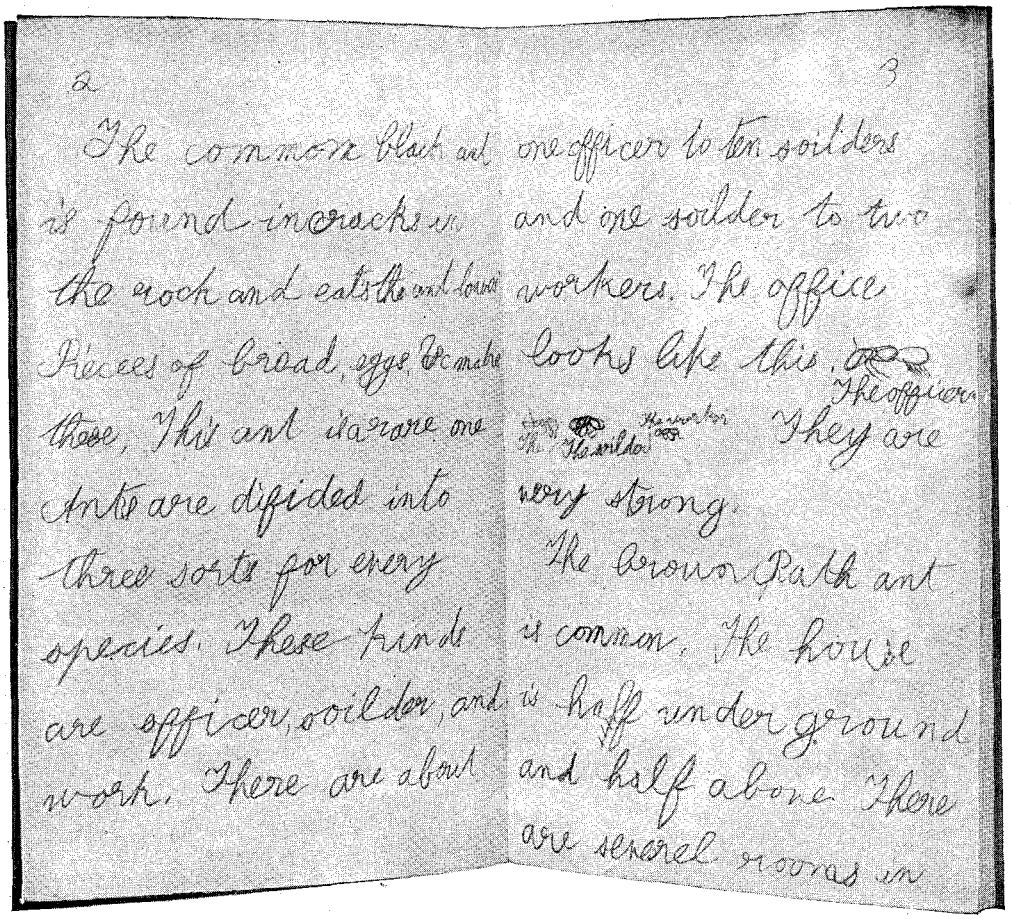

2

The common black ant is found in cracks in the rock and eats the ant lions. Pieces of bread, eggs &c make these. This ant is rare one into are difided into three sorts for every species. These kinds are officer, soilder, and work. There are about one officer to ten soilders and one soilder to two workers. The office looks like this. The officer The soilder The worker They are very strong.

3

The Arrow Path ant is common. The house is half under ground and half above. There are several rooms in

"THIS, AND SUBSEQUENT NATURAL HISTORIES, WERE WRITTEN DOWN IN BLANK-BOOKS IN SIMPLIFIED SPELLING WHOLLY UNPREMEDITATED AND UNSCIENTIFIC"

ing to dueling corps, and much scarred in consequence. One, a famous swordsman, was called *Der Rothe Herzog* (the Red Duke), and the other was nicknamed *Herr Nasehorn* (Sir Rhinoceros) because the tip of his nose had been cut off in a duel and sewn on again. I learned a good deal of German here, in spite of myself, and above all I became fascinated with the Nibelungenlied. German prose never became really easy to me in the sense that French prose did, but for German poetry I cared as much as for English poetry. Above all, I gained an impression of the German people which I never got over. From that time to this it would have been quite impossible to make me feel that the Germans were really foreigners. The affection, the *Gemüthlichkeit* (a quality which cannot be exactly expressed by any single English word), the capacity for hard work, the sense of duty, the delight in studying literature and science, the pride in the new Germany, the more than kind and friendly interest in three strange children—all these manifestations of the German character and of German family life made a subconscious impression upon me which I did not in the least define at the time, but which is very vivid still forty years later.

When I got back to America, at the age of fifteen, I began serious study to enter Harvard under Mr. Arthur Cutler, who later founded the Cutler School in New York. I could not go to school because I knew so much less than most boys of my age in some subjects and so much more in others. In science and history and geography and in unexpected parts of German and French I was strong, but lamentably weak in Latin and Greek and mathematics. My grandfather had made his summer home in Oyster Bay a number of years before, and my father now made Oyster Bay the summer home of his family also. Along with my college preparatory studies I carried on the work of a practical student of natural history. I worked

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with greater industry than either intelligence or success, and made very few additions to the sum of human knowledge; but to this day certain obscure ornithological publications may be found in which are recorded such items as, for instance, that on one occasion a fish-crow, and on another an Ipswich sparrow, were obtained by one Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at Oyster Bay, on the shore of Long Island Sound.

In the fall of 1876 I entered Harvard, graduating in 1880. I thoroughly enjoyed Harvard, and I am sure it did me good, but only in the general effect, for there was very little in my actual studies which helped me in after life. More than one of my own sons have already profited by their friendship with certain of their masters in school or college. I certainly profited by my friendship with one of my tutors, Mr. Cutler; and in Harvard I owed much to the professor of English, Mr. A. S. Hill. Doubtless through my own fault, I saw almost nothing of President Eliot and very little of the professors. I ought to have gained much more than I did gain from writing the themes and forensics. My failure to do so may have been partly due to my taking no interest in the subjects. Before I left Harvard I was already writing one or two chapters of a book I afterwards published on the Naval War of 1812. "Those chapters were so dry that they would have made a dictionary seem light reading by comparison." Still, they represented purpose and serious interest on my part, not the perfunctory effort to do well enough to get a certain mark; and corrections of them by a skilled older man would have impressed me and have commanded my respectful attention. But I was not sufficiently developed to make myself take an intelligent interest in some of the subjects assigned me—the character of the Gracchi, for instance. A very clever and studious lad would no doubt have done so, but I personally did not grow up to this particular subject until a good many years later. The frigate and sloop actions between the American and British sea-tigers of 1812 were much more within my grasp. I worked drearily at the Gracchi because I had to; my conscientious and much-to-be-pitied professor dragging me through the theme by main strength, with my feet firmly planted in dull and totally idea-proof resistance.

I had at the time no idea of going into public life, and I never studied elocution or practiced debating. This was a loss to me in one way. In another way it was not. Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with debating contests in which each side is arbitrarily assigned a given proposition and told to maintain it without the least reference to whether those maintaining it believe in it or not. I know that under our system this is necessary for lawyers, but I emphatically disbelieve in it as regards general discussion of political, social, and industrial matters. What we need is to turn out of our colleges young men with ardent convictions on the side of the right; not young men who can make a good argument for either right or wrong as their interest bids them. The present method of carrying on debates on such subjects as "Our Colonial Policy," or "The Need of a Navy," or "The Proper Position of the Courts in Constitutional Questions," encourages precisely the wrong attitude among those who take part in them. There is no effort to instill sincerity and intensity of conviction. On the contrary, the net result is to make the contestants feel that their convictions have nothing to do with their arguments. I am sorry I did not study elocution in college; but I am exceedingly glad that I did not take part in the type of debate in which stress is laid, not upon getting a speaker to think rightly, but on getting him to talk glibly on the side to which he is assigned, without regard either to what his convictions are or to what they ought to be.

I was a reasonably good student in college, standing just within the first tenth of my class, if I remember rightly; although I am not sure whether this means the tenth of the whole number that entered or of those that graduated. I was given a Phi Beta Kappa "key." My chief interests were scientific. When I entered college, I was devoted to out-of-doors natural history, and my ambition was to be a scientific man of the Audubon, or Wilson, or Baird, or Coues type—a man like Hart Merriam, or Frank Chapman, or Hornaday, to-day. My father had from the earliest days instilled into me the knowledge that I was to work and to make my own way in the world, and I had always supposed that this meant that I must enter business. But in my freshman year (he died when I was a sophomore) he told me that if I wished to become a scientific man I could do so. He explained that I must be sure that I really intensely desired to do scientific work, because if I went into it I must make it a seri-

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ous career; that he had made enough money to enable me to take up such a career and do non-remunerative work of value *if I intended to do the very best work there was in me;* but that I must not dream of taking it up as a dilettante. He also gave me a piece of advice that I have always remembered, namely, that, if I was not going to earn money, I must even things up by not spending it. As he expressed it, I had to keep the fraction constant, and if I was not able to increase the numerator, then I must reduce the denominator. In other words, if I went into a scientific career, I must definitely abandon all thought of the enjoyment that could accompany a money-making career, and must find my pleasures elsewhere.

After this conversation I fully intended to make science my life-work. I did not, for the simple reason that at that time Harvard, and I suppose our other colleges, utterly ignored the possibilities of the faunal naturalist, the outdoor naturalist and observer of nature. They treated biology as purely a science of the laboratory and the microscope, a science whose adherents were to spend their time in the study of minute forms of marine life, or else in section-cutting and the study of the tissues of the higher organisms under the microscope. This attitude was, no doubt, in part due to the fact that in most colleges then there was a not always intelligent copying of what was done in the great German universities. The sound revolt against superficiality of study had been carried to an extreme; thoroughness in minutiæ as the only end of study had been erected into a fetish. There was a total failure to understand the great variety of kinds of work that could be done by naturalists, including what could be done by outdoor naturalists—the kind of work which Hart Merriam and his assistants in the Biological Survey have carried to such a high degree of perfection as regards North American mammals. In the entirely proper desire to be thorough and to avoid slipshod methods, the tendency was to treat as not serious, as unscientific, any kind of work that was not carried on with laborious minuteness in the laboratory. My taste was specialized in a totally different direction, and I had no more desire or ability to be a microscopist and section-cutter than to be a mathematician. Accordingly I abandoned all thought of becoming a scientist. Doubtless this meant that I really did not have the intense devotion to science which I thought I had; for, if I had possessed such devotion, I would have carved out a career for myself somehow without regard to discouragements.

As regards political economy, I was of course while in college taught the *laissez-faire* doctrines—one of them being free trade—then accepted as canonical. Most American boys of my age were taught both by their surroundings and by their studies certain principles which were very valuable from the standpoint of National interest, and certain others which were very much the reverse. The political economists were not especially to blame for this; it was the general attitude of the writers who wrote for us of that generation. Take my beloved "Our Young Folks," the magazine of which I have already spoken, and which taught me much more than any of my text-books. Everything in this magazine instilled the individual virtues, and the necessity of character as the chief factor in any man's success—a teaching in which I now believe as sincerely as ever, for all the laws that the wit of man can devise will never make a man a worthy citizen unless he has within himself the right stuff, unless he has self-reliance, energy, courage, the power of insisting on his own rights, and the sympathy that makes him regardful of the rights of others. All this individual morality I was taught by the books I read at home and the books I studied at Harvard. But there was almost no teaching of the need for collective action, and of the fact that in addition to, not as a substitute for, individual responsibility, there is a collective responsibility. Books such as Herbert Croly's "Promise of American Life" and Walter E. Weyl's "New Democracy" would generally at that time have been treated either as unintelligible or else as pure heresy.

The teaching which I received was genuinely democratic in one way. It was not so democratic in another. I grew into manhood thoroughly imbued with the feeling that a man must be respected for what he made of himself. But I had also, consciously or unconsciously, been taught that socially and industrially pretty much the whole duty of the man lay in thus making the best of himself; that he should be honest in his dealings with others and charitable in the old-fashioned way to the unfortunate; but that it was no part of his business to join with others in trying to make things better for the many by curbing the abnormal and excessive development of individualism in a few. Now I do

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not mean that this training was by any means all bad. On the contrary, the insistence upon individual responsibility was, and is, and always will be, a prime necessity. Teaching of the kind I absorbed from both my text-books and my surroundings is a healthy anti-scorbutic to the sentimentality which by complacently excusing the individual for all his shortcomings would finally hopelessly weaken the spring of moral purpose. It also keeps alive that virile vigor for the lack of which in the average individual no possible perfection of law or of community action can ever atone. But such teaching, if not corrected by other teaching, means acquiescence in a riot of lawless business individualism which would be quite as destructive to real civilization as the lawless military individualism of the Dark Ages. I left college and entered the big world owing more than I can express to the training I had received, especially in my own home; but with much else also to learn if I were to become really fitted to do my part in the work that lay ahead for the generation of Americans to which I belonged.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "The Vigor of Life." It will appear in The Outlook of March 22

THE MOUNTAINEER AND THE OBSESSION

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

WITH A DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND

"NOTHING is really impossible to a first-class fighter," affirmed big Lewis Purtyman, one of the best of the old-time rangers of the famous San Joaquin National Forest, when half a dozen rangers came together in a camp far up among the snow peaks.

"Plenty of things that a fellow can't make good on," returned smiling Irish Charley.

"If a man only digs deep enough into himself he pulls through, Irish. You can, and I can," Purtyman replied.

"There must be a limit somewhere, Lewis," said Little Joe, one of the new chums. "For instance, scientific men say that no one can ever conquer an obsession."

"An ob— What's that?" asked the old ranger. "You are the walking dictionary from Los Angeles, Little Joe."

"Well, now," Little Joe remarked, "suppose you happen to hate the smell of California laurel, as my old aunt does; suppose the touch of it poisons you; suppose that you would suffer the tortures of hell if you had to sleep under a laurel tree."

"That's bad," said Purtyman.

"Suppose you had a deadly aversion to cats, like a man I know," continued Little Joe; "so much so that you fall right down under it and go to pieces, so to speak. This man feels his flesh fairly crawl, he gets cold all over, and is absolutely sure that he would die right there if anybody threw cats in his face."

"That," the ranger objected, "seems to me unbelievable. I would understand it if you said snakes."

"But, Lewis," Little Joe answered, "the scientific men say that such an obsession as this in regard to cats, and others just as remarkable—fortunately few and far between—began away back in the childhood of the race. Something happened to some ancestor when the world was young. It was not a pretty little innocent modern kitten, you know, but a cave tiger of several hundred thousand years past, that made my friend abnormal. Something of a remembrance comes down the line, and may crop out in too sensitive individuals. It might happen only once or twice in a million years. It might be snakes or lizards much more than cats. Just remember that it is a prehistoric thing that belongs to whatever poor fellow its curse falls upon; it's really a passion of terror or hate; it might kill a man, of course."

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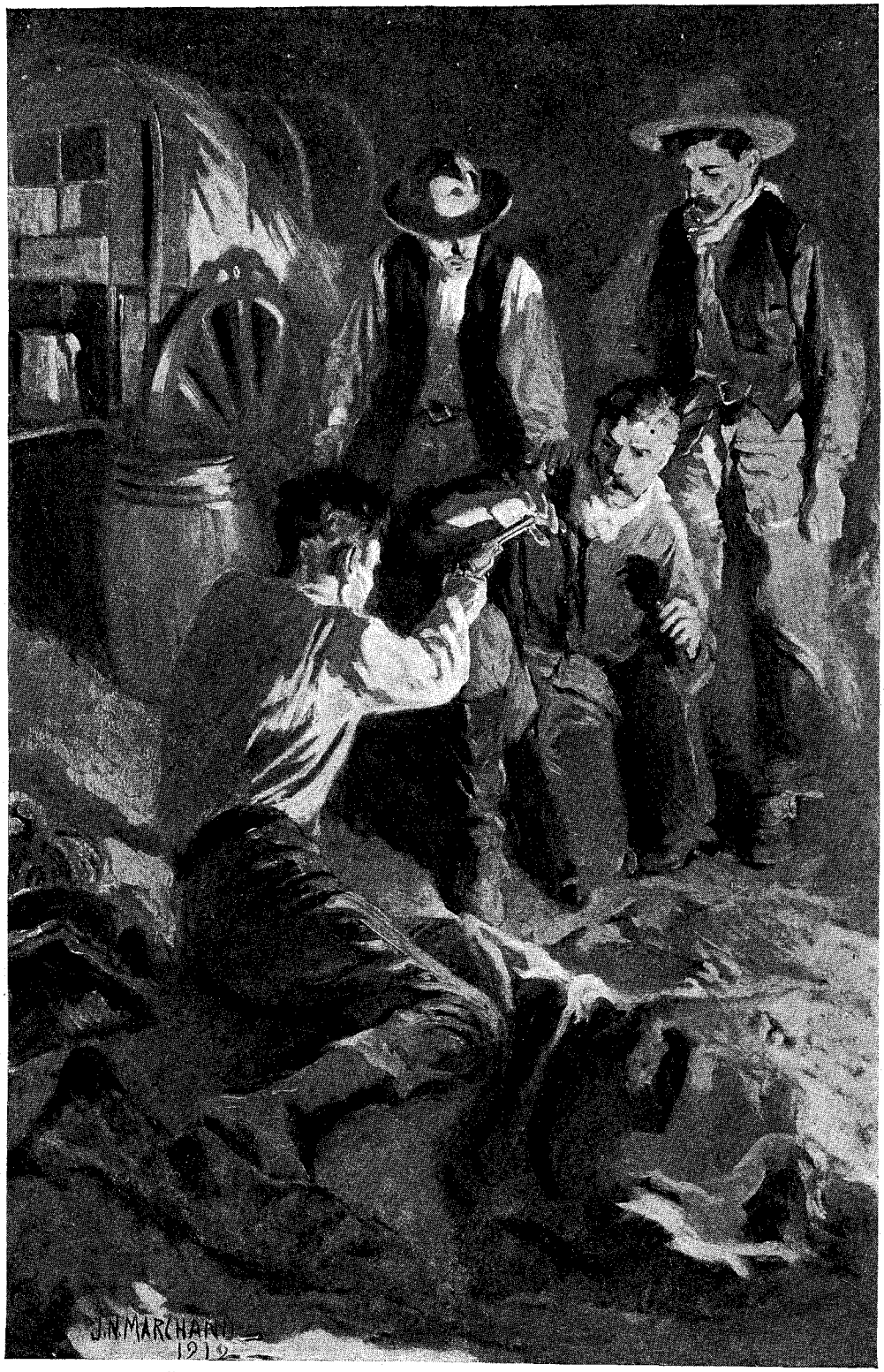

"THEN HE SUDDENLY PULLED HIS GUN ON THE FELLOW"

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"By George!" said the old ranger, "I get your point at last, Little Joe. Hope nothing will ever obsess me. That's an awful thing to think about.

"Still," he went on after a minute, "I sticks to my first notion. A man that is a real fighter is able to set down on them things."

"Trot out your evidence as to cats," requested Little Joe.

"It isn't cats—it's snakes," said Purtyman.

"Snakes is much wuss," one of the rangers remarked.

"I'll tell you fellows about old Mariposa, who used to be a ranger on this San Joaquin Forest," began Purtyman. "He's dead now, but when we first rode together as cattle-boys before there was any Reserve or Forest Service, we were young and full of notions. Might do you some good, Little Joe, to hear about his row with snakes."

"Sure it would, Lewis," said that worthy. "I'm only a Los Angeles greenhorn."

Some one threw on another log, and the boys rolled their blankets a little closer, while the old ranger went on.

"Mariposa was a fine young mountaineer back in 1870—born so, as one has to be—and wonderful for sheer grit. If I was going to go up agin a dozen good fighting-men, I never knew a better fellow to pick out to stand beside me.

"But every one knew of his ob-what-you-call-it—his darn foolishness. He was worse than afraid of every sort of a snake. He couldn't touch them, couldn't get very near them, no matter what kind, little or big, harmless or poisonous, green, yellow, spotted, or black. They broke him all up. He shot every snake he could find, and shivered as he shot; always said some snake would fetch him in the end.

"We reasoned with him about it. 'No use,' he would tell us, 'I was born that way, and so was my mother; her mother got a fright once.'"

"Elsie Venner—prenatal influence," said Little Joe to himself.

"Well," the old ranger continued, "we handled lots of cattle that spring, on shares. We had camps in the foothills, and kept a team busy hauling in supplies. Six or seven of us rode range.

"We had a little fool of a teamster who didn't like Mariposa, so once, when he was coming with a load, he caught a big gopher snake, fastened it in a box, and worked it in and out inch by inch while he painted it into a regular diamond-back rattler. Then he turned that snake loose right under Mariposa's blankets; meanwhile he shakes a bunch of rattleweed and thrusts a pin inter him so that the blood came.

"Mariposa jumped; the snake fell out into the firelight; he saw it scuttle off. Then he fainted dead away. We brought him to, and he said: 'The end's come, boys. I always knew a rattler would get me.' Then he fainted again, and it took a lot of work to get him back. One of us had roped that fool teamster and brought him up.

"I was saddling to go to the nearest mill for a doctor when Mariposa began to sink away for the third time, and his heart action almost failed him, when Jack Wilson yelled in his ear:

"'Sold, Mariposa, sold! Everybody is laughing at you!'

"He pulled up a little; then we dragged in the teamster and he confessed.

"'I saw it. I saw that snake!' said Mariposa.

"'You find that snake!' I yelled. We stirred up the fire; we took our lanterns and gave chase, and, as luck would have it, we pulled him out of a crevice about twenty feet away. We held him and scraped some paint off, and forced Mariposa to acknowledge that it was just a miserable, no-style gopher snake wrongfully raised to the aristocracy.

"We thought Mariposa would laugh; he was generally full willing to take any sort of joke on himself. But he asked us to take it away, and went into more fainting-spells.

"In about half an hour he sat up, quite collected again. We knew he was in his right mind, for he asked for a drink of whisky and took his regular dose. Then he wanted to see that worthless teamster. Three of us had to poke the cuss up to the fire, ahead of us, and hold him down close to Mariposa.

"Mariposa held out a hand. 'Thank you for what you done,' says he; 'it's a blame good thing it happened.'

"Then he suddenly pulled his gun on the fellow and says, clear and cold:

"'Now, that's my diamond-back snake. Keep it in a box for me. Take good care of it. Ketch a new gopher snake first thing in the morning, and keep it in another box. If anything happens to either of them, I'll kill you. And when I tell you I want one of my pet snakes you trot it out. Don't make

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no mistakes about which one you bring, neither!'

"Then he turns to me, and he says, with a little crooked smile: 'Pard, get that same piece of rattleweed, put it in a little pasteboard box, bring it here, and let me hold it.'"

"That," interrupted Little Joe, "was untaught genius! Who showed him how to put up such a fight against his hereditary devil?"

"Well, Mariposa lay for hours in his blankets, breathing hard. His eyes were sometimes set, and sometimes looked far away. He muttered now and then, and clenched his hands. The sweat rolled from him. The little box of rattleweed lay beside him, but he didn't touch it.

"About midnight I woke up and I heard Mariposa. He had the little box and he was shaking it gentle, and talking to himself:

"'I like the sound of that pore little rattleweed,' he said. 'It never hurt no one; it never hurt me.' He went to sleep holding the box.

"At breakfast Mariposa called up the teamster: 'You bring my little gopher snake pet—the nateral one. I've been missin' him all night. Set his box right down atween me an' Lewis. It's a mighty fine little snake,' he said.

"Then suddenly the sweat began to roll down his face, but he went right on with his breakfast and batted out the regular camp jokes. Every few minutes he'd look at his snake, which was in its box about six inches away, and pull himself together.

"It came over us all, just in a minute, that Mariposa was a mighty fine fellow, a-puttin' up the fight of his life right there. We saw the hair raise on his head, he shook all over; he looked at the snake; he gasped, slow and dreadful, as if he was drownin' in quicksand.

"Then something queer happened. Lanky Bill gave the fool teamster a dip that sent him ten yards from the hill, and two of us caught Mariposa's hands. The whole circle of cowboys round the stump the grub was on began to say in all sorts of ways: 'Go in and hit it again.'

"He always said that stunt pulled him through. In a minute more he laughed right out, the same cheerful laugh that we loved him for, and let go my hand.

"'All right, pard,' he says; 'it's coming. I can hold my end of the rope now.'

"Then he turns around and talks to that gopher snake, and finally opens the slide and slips his hand in and touches it, and shivers, and does it again, and sticks to it. His eyes shine like lamps and every once in a while he puts his hand in mine again.

"Suddenly he looked worn out. 'Take away my little pet snake No. 1,' he said; and he curled right up and went to sleep.

"Well, I stayed with him all the time, and he stuck to the game. Sometimes he won, sometimes he couldn't get ahead any, but he rode range with the rest of us, and in a month he was handling his gopher snake—the plain, unpainted one. He almost made us think he was fond of it."

"He wasn't," said Little Joe; "but he was a wonder, all right."

"To cut it short, he finally ordered in what he called 'my reel bitin' di'mun'-back rattler; an' don't you call him Gopher Snake No. 2. This is the genuine article. He's my simon-pure Mountain Pet!' In another month Mariposa handled both of those snakes without a visible quiver.

"He wanted us to drop them into his bed some night, unbeknown, but we refused.

"'Limits to that game, Mariposa,' I said to him. 'Don't you go too far and get knocked out.'

"'That looks right,' he answered, 'but I can hold it where it is.' Then he turned loose Twist and Twinie, as he called his two pets, and they went off up the cañon.

"The last of the funny things about all this was that Mariposa stopped shooting rattlesnakes. 'Gets me too excited,' he said once. 'They don't mean to do any harm. There's room enough for all of us. They look pretty, curled up in the sun.'

"I could see that these things were hard for him, but he was able to say them in good shape. I noticed, too, that whereas before all this happened snakes seemed to know when Mariposa was coming, and always put up a fight, they slipped quietly away and yielded the trail to him after these events. Accident, maybe, but queer, too.

"I asked Mariposa if he had noticed this. He said: 'These things go together. But some day I'll have to shoot a snake in a camp where there's women and children. I want to do that as a duty, and then forget all about it.'"

"Your story," said Little Joe, "explains old Mariposa as he was when we first rode together as forest rangers. He never knew what it was to be tired out, or discouraged. I don't believe that he really destroyed his obsession, but the rest of you helped him; he put it away inside, and locked it up there."

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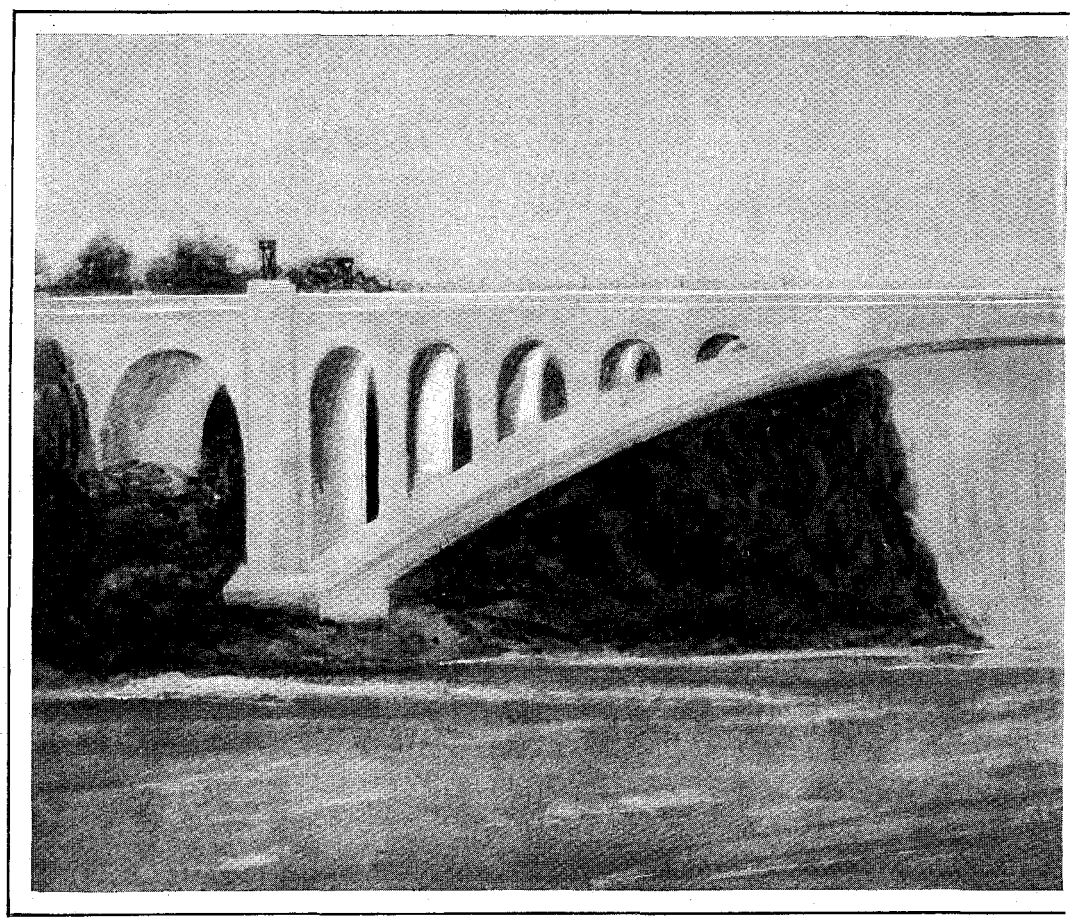

DESIGN PROPOSED FOR THE MEMORIAL

THE CENTENARY OF

AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION OF ONE HUNDRED

IN the month of December last there were gatherings in New York and in London of unique interest and importance to people of the English-speaking race. The first was a banquet to the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the retiring British Ambassador, given by the American Committee for Celebrating the Hundred Years of Peace. The Hon. Alton B. Parker presided, and speeches were made by ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate and the Hon. Job Hedges, among others. In all the addresses there was the note of congratulation that during the hundred years which are soon to be completed peaceful relations have been sustained along a boundary line more than three thousand miles long, and in the face of many sharp and at times threatening difficulties. The second of the two gatherings was in the historic Mansion House in London, its purpose being to bring formally before the public the work of the British Committee for the Hundred Years' Celebration. The Lord Mayor presided, and the audience was a most distinguished one. Earl Grey, formerly Governor-General of Canada, who is the President of the Committee, made the principal address, outlining the plans which have already taken shape for the celebration. There was read a most cordial letter from the Prime Minister, and

NOTE.—The above drawing by T. Kennard Thomson, a member of the Committee on the Centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, is of an arch bridge of steel incased in masonry, designed by him, to be located on the site of the present trolley bridge. It would have a span of 840 feet in length, 143 feet high, and 100 feet wide.

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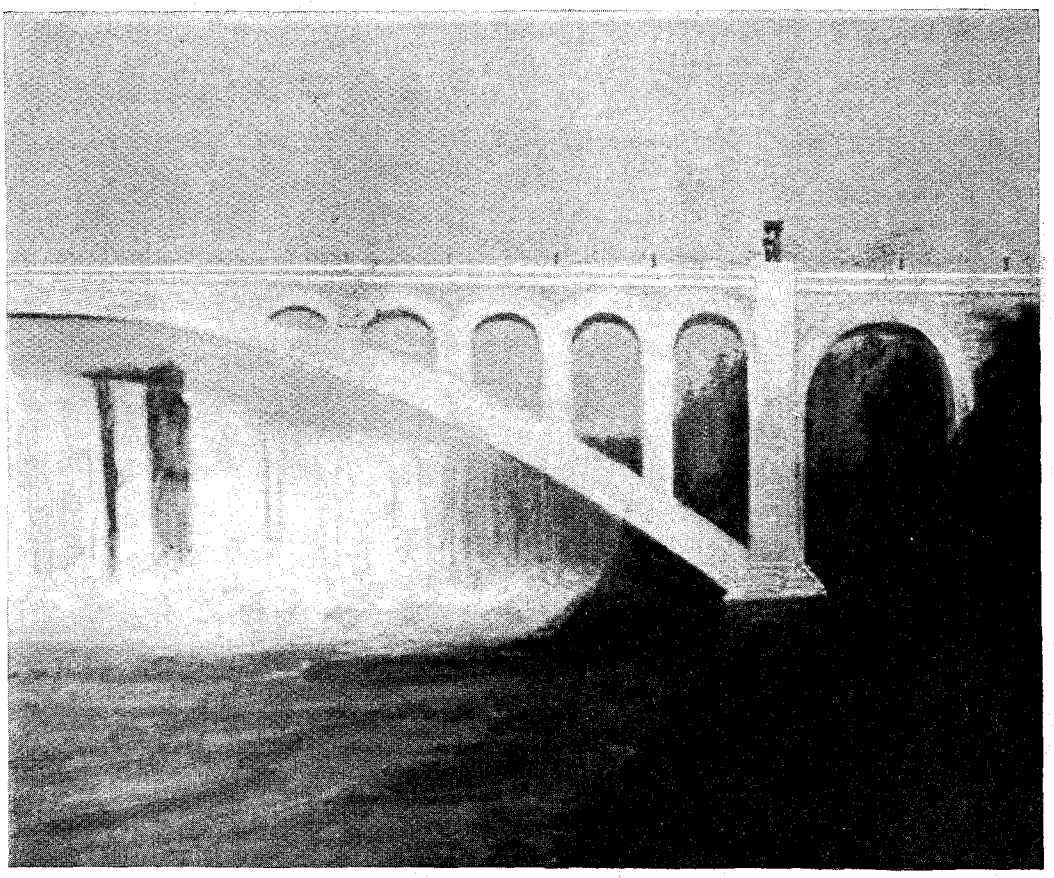

BRIDGE OF PEACE AT NIAGARA FALLS

THE TREATY OF GHENT

YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

another from Sir Edward Grey; and an impressive letter of regret from the late Ambassador from the United States, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid—one of the last he ever wrote—concluded with these words: "I am sure the Centenary could not have come at a moment more helpful for the peace of the world."

The Treaty of Ghent, which officially closed the War of 1812 between the United States and England, was signed on Christmas Eve in the year 1814 in the stately refectory of the Monastery of the Carthusian Brothers, in the famous city of Ghent, in Belgium.

The American Commissioners appointed to negotiate the treaty were John Quincy Adams, American Minister to Russia; Jonathan Russell, Minister to Sweden; James A. Bayard, Senator; Henry Clay, Member of Congress; and Albert Gallatin, Financial Secretary. The British delegates were Admiral Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, and William Adams, and they had with them as secretary Anthony John Baker. They arrived in Ghent on August 6, 1814, and lived at the old Carthusian Monastery. Five months later the treaty was signed, rather under pressure of public opinion and external events than because the plenipotentiaries had come to any real agreement on the points in dispute. The conclusion of the treaty was celebrated by a gala performance at the theater, and on the evening of January 5 the Municipality of Ghent gave a splendid banquet to the Com-

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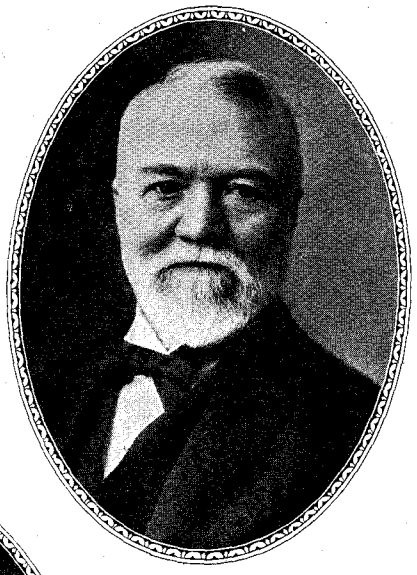

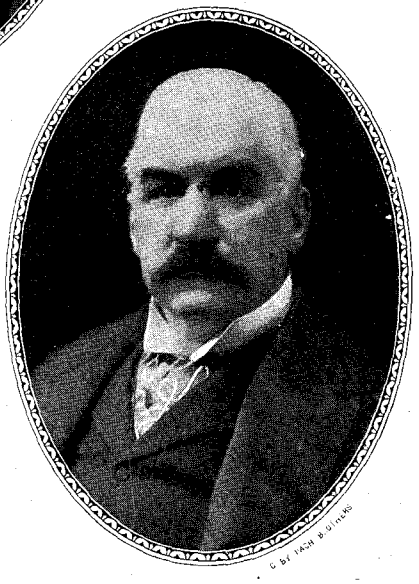

JOSEPH H. CHOATE
JOHN A. STEWART

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ANDREW CARNEGIE
J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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EARL OF PLYMOUTH

HARRY E. BRITTAIN

EARL GREY

LORD SHAW

ROBERT DONALD

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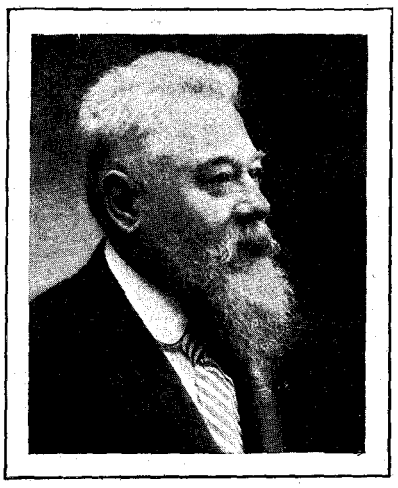
missioners in what is now the Hall of Archives in the Hotel de Ville. The occasion was a brilliant one. In concluding his toast to the city of Ghent at this banquet, John Quincy Adams used these words: "May the gates of the Temple of Janus, closed here, never be opened during the century." It is proposed by the Burgomaster of Ghent, the Hon. Emile Braun, and his associates of the municipality, to restore the fine vaulted chamber where this banquet took place to its original appearance, hanging again on the walls the pictures which adorned them a century ago, and which are still in the building, and to give another banquet on the 5th of January, 1915, to which shall be invited distinguished representatives of all the countries concerned. The restoration of the room in the Carthusian Monastery where the treaty was signed, and its dedication as a place of historical pilgrimage, is also proposed.



EMILE BRAUN
Burgomaster of Ghent

It was during the closing year of Mr. Roosevelt's administration that the idea of an International Celebration of the Signing of the Treaty of Ghent was suggested by Mr. John A. Stewart, of New York. At about the same time a similar suggestion was made in Buffalo, and a little later one of the Commissioners of the Niagara Reservation proposed at a regular meeting of the Commissioners that the centenary be signalized by the erection across the Niagara River of a free Memorial Bridge to take the place of the present steel arch toll bridge, and thus to open unobstructed communication between Canada and the United States at the point most closely identified with the hostilities of the War of 1812. This proposal was indorsed at the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference in the spring of 1910, in an address by the Hon. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Minister of Labor, who had already, at the Harvard Commencement in 1909, made what is supposed to be the first public utterance in favor of celebrating the anniversary. At the same place a year later Mr. Andrew B. Humphrey, of New York, delivered an interesting address reviewing the preliminary work of organization which had in the meantime been achieved.

The formal beginning of the movement was a meeting called by Mr. John A. Stewart at the Republican Club in New York in June, 1910, at which a preliminary organization was created. A special committee of fifteen visited the Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States, at Beverly, Massachusetts, on July 15, 1910, where the movement was fully discussed and received the hearty approval of the President. Shortly afterward the Committee invited the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt to accept the Honorary Chairmanship. After carefully considering the matter, Mr. Roosevelt accepted the high responsibility, and became the Honorary Chairman of the "American Committee for the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace Among English-Speaking Peoples." The complete list of officers and the Chairmen of the sub-committees thus far created is as follows:

Honorary Chairman: Theodore Roosevelt.

Chairman: Andrew Carnegie.

Honorary Vice-Chairmen: Elihu Root, Levi P. Morton, Adlai E. Stevenson, William Jennings Bryan, Alton B. Parker, Joseph H. Choate.

Vice-Chairmen: Edwin Ginn, Daniel Smiley, Oscar S. Straus, John D. Crimmins.

Depository: J. P. Morgan & Co.

Honorary Treasurer: Lyman J. Gage.

Treasurer: James L. Wandling.

Chairman Auditing Committee: Job E. Hedges.

Honorary Secretary: Harry P. Judson.

Secretary: Andrew B. Humphrey.

Executive Committee: Charles W. Fairbanks, Honorary Chairman; John A. Stewart, Chairman; Theodore E. Burton, Jacob H. Schiff, Honorary Vice-Chairmen; Theodore Marburg, Vice-Chairman; J. Horace McFarland, Honorary Secretary; William H. Short, Secretary.

Chairman Committee on Legislation: Hon. Alton B. Parker.

Chairman Committee on Historic Review of the Century of Peace: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Chairman Committee on International Conference and Organization: William B. Howland.

Chairman Committee of Publicity: Dr. Albert Shaw.

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SULGRAVE MANOR

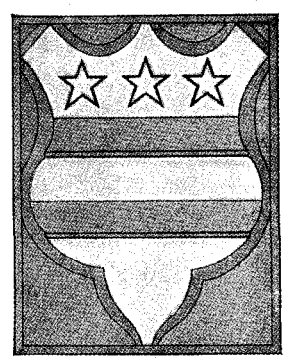
The Manor House bears the Washington shield with the two bars and three stars upon it which formed the origin of the American national emblem, the Stars and Stripes

Chairman Committee on Memorials: Andrew B. Humphrey.

Chairman Committee on Celebration in the City of New York: Dr. George F. Kunz.

The list of honorary Vice-Chairmen-at-large comprises the Governors of all the States, the Ambassadors, the Members of the President's Cabinet, and others eminent in public life. The membership of the General Committee has extended all over the country, and is already approaching the five thousand mark. The Governor of each State in the Union has been invited to name five distinguished citizens to represent the National Committee in all State matters. Numerous conferences have been held, and ideas for the celebration have been invited from all sources. Nearly half a hundred suggestions as to various forms of celebrating the anniversary have been made. Those which are at the moment under special consideration, and most of which seem likely to be adopted, are mentioned below.

First, a general inauguration of the celebration on Christmas Eve, 1914, by religious services in cathedrals, churches, synagogues, and chapels, in schools and universities, and wherever Anglo-Saxon people are gathered together. Appropriate music, historical information, and other material will, it is hoped, be widely distributed, so that this introductory observance may be participated in wherever English is spoken.



THE WASHINGTON SHIELD

Second, a formal banquet in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, in the city of Ghent, to be given by the Burgomaster and the Municipality, on January 5, 1915, in memory of the banquet given to the British and American Commissioners on the corresponding date in 1815, to celebrate the signing of the treaty. The restoration of this hall to its condition a century ago is an important feature of this suggestion.

Third, the erection of a Memorial Free Bridge across the Niagara River, connecting the State Reservation on the American side with the Reservation on the Canadian side—the bridge to be a perpetual symbol of the peaceful relations between the Dominion and this country, and of their community of commercial and social interests.

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Fourth, the acquiring and endowment of Sulgrave Manor, in Northamptonshire, England, the ancestral home of George Washington, and its use as an international gathering-place, as well as a repository of historical memoranda concerning the relations of the two countries. This manor house bears over its main entrance the armorial bearings of the Washington family, which became the basis of the American flag.

Fifth, the erection in Washington by the women of America of a statue of Queen Victoria, who was the first imperial ruler of Great Britain, and who during her sixty years' reign exemplified most conspicuously the lofty ideals, the homely virtues, the high character, and the devotion to public service of the women of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Sixth, the study in the schools of both countries and their colonies during the autumn of 1914 of the History of the Hundred Years of Peace, to the end that the children may learn how the various international difficulties of the century, many of them acute and dangerous, have been adjusted either by diplomatic conference or by arbitration. Special histories of the period are likely to be prepared under the direction of the Committees, and if the plan is carried out the school children of the two great nations will have the opportunity of studying for the first time a history which has no record of war.

The placing of a bust of George Washington in Westminster Abbey; the erection in London and Washington of identical monuments commemorating the Hundred Years of Peace; the erection of peace monuments along the United States Canadian border and in Ottawa, Baltimore, Toronto, Chicago, Savannah, San Francisco, and such other locations as may be selected and approved by those interested; the erection of statues of Chatham and Burke in appropriate places; the erection of a museum of industrial arts in New York City to be dedicated to the uses of the people for the promotion of the peaceful arts and sciences and friendly international intercourse; the holding of International Congresses opening in New York and ending at the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, concentrating the peace sentiment of the world upon the specific accomplishments desired through the Third Hague Peace Conference; the issue of memorial postage stamps, coinage, and medals; and the building of a memorial arch to span the International New York to Montreal Highway at the American-Canadian frontier, are some of the other suggestions which have been offered.

Seven members of the Committee on International Conference and Organization found themselves in England during the weeks following the coronation of his Majesty George VII. They were: The Hon. Theodore Marburg, the Hon. John Hays Hammond, Bernard N. Baker, William B. Howland, Dr. Lewis L. Seaman, Mrs. Elmer Black, and Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff. All were desirous that a strong and influential British Committee should be promptly created to co-operate with the people of the United States and Canada in organizing a celebration worthy of the event.

The first practical step was taken at a luncheon on the terrace of the House of Commons, when the Hon. John Hays Hammond and the Hon. Theodore Marburg met Lord Charles Beresford and several other eminent Englishmen, and suggested the appropriate step of approaching the Governor-General of Canada, Earl Grey, who was about to return to England, with a view to his becoming the honorary head of the English Committee. Other conferences were held by the various members of the Committee, and everywhere there was very cordial response to the suggestion. It was not, however, until the return to England in October of the Chairman of the Committee that conditions were such as to make possible the further steps which have culminated in an organization of the highest dignity and efficiency. A preliminary conference at the Manor House Club in Bredon resulted in a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, in November, given by the editor of the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. Robert Donald, and the Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, Mr. Harry E. Brittain, to the Chairman of the American Committee on International Conference and Organization, Mr. William B. Howland. There were present a score of influential men, including the Colonial Secretary, who introduced the American guest; the Bishop of London, who responded; the Lord High Commissioners of Australia and of South Africa, the editors and proprietors of leading newspapers, the president of the leading Peace Society, and eminent members of Parliament, representing both the Government and the Opposition; while letters of warm approval were read from Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Lord

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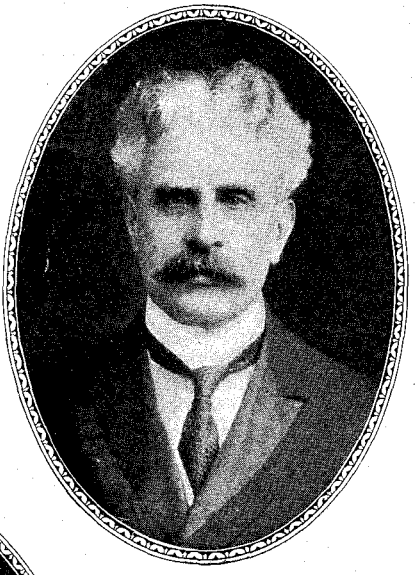

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

GEORGE H. PERLEY

SIR EDMUND WALKER

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

MACKENZIE KING

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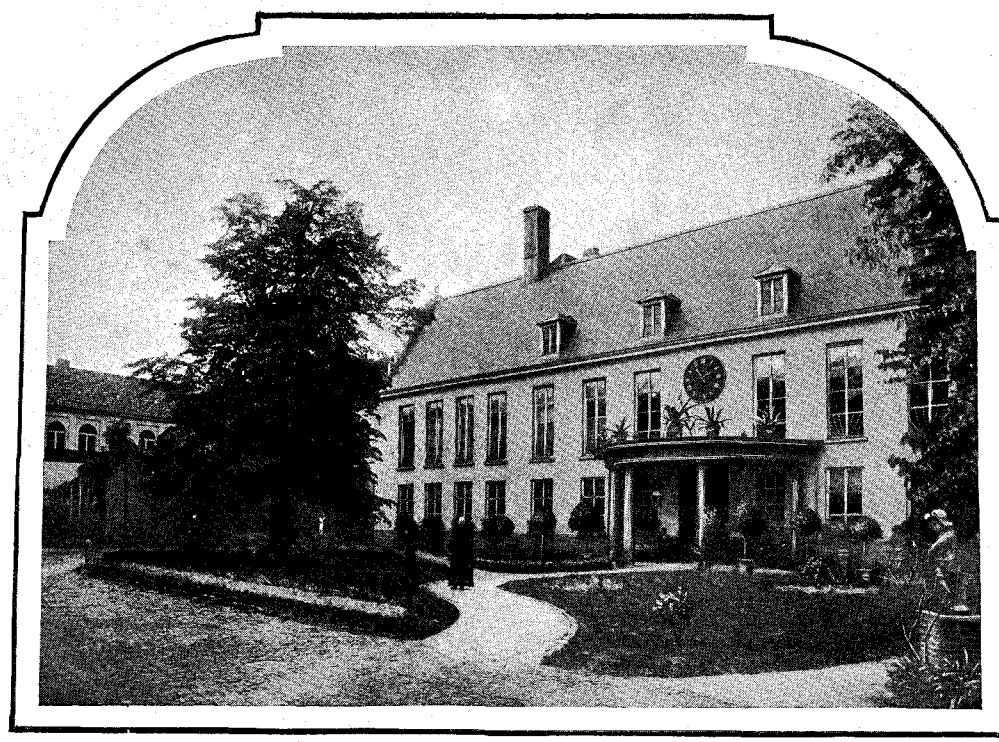

CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY WHERE THE TREATY OF GHENT WAS SIGNED, AND WHERE THE BRITISH DELEGATES RESIDED

Curzon, Lord Shaw, Earl Brassey, Lord Charles Beresford, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Gilbert Parker, and others. This luncheon was followed by the organizing meeting, which was held on the 14th of December, invitations having been sent to several hundred men representing the highest achievement in all departments of public, commercial, literary, and artistic life. This meeting had an attendance about ten times as large as the initial meeting in New York two years ago. Sir Philip Magnus presided and made an admirable address. He laid special emphasis on the fact that it is proposed to celebrate the historical fact that a century of peace had passed, rather than to conduct a campaign in favor of either peace or arbitration. The nomination of Earl Grey was made by Lord Weardale in a felicitous speech, in which he referred to the great popularity of the former Governor-General in Canada, in England, and in the United States. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Shirley Benn and the Rev. Silvester Horne, Members of Parliament on opposing sides, and was carried unanimously. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline was made Chairman of an Executive Committee of forty. Letters expressing enthusiastic approval of the celebration and promising support were read from the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, from Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, from Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, and a score of others.

The British Committee has since been fully constituted, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that a more representative and influential voluntary organization has never been created in England. The officers elected are:

President: The Hon. Earl Grey, G.C.B.
Deputy President: The Earl of Plymouth.
Vice-Presidents: The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith; the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey; the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt; the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.; the Rt. Hon A. J. Balfour, M.P.; the Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of London; Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster; the Rev. Dr. Clifford, and many others of high distinction.
Chairman Executive Committee: Lord Shaw of Dunfermline.
Hon. Treasurers: Lord Revelstoke, Lord Rothschild.
Hon. Secretary: Sir A. Conan Doyle.
Hon. Solicitors: Messrs. Coward & Hawksley, Sons & Chance.

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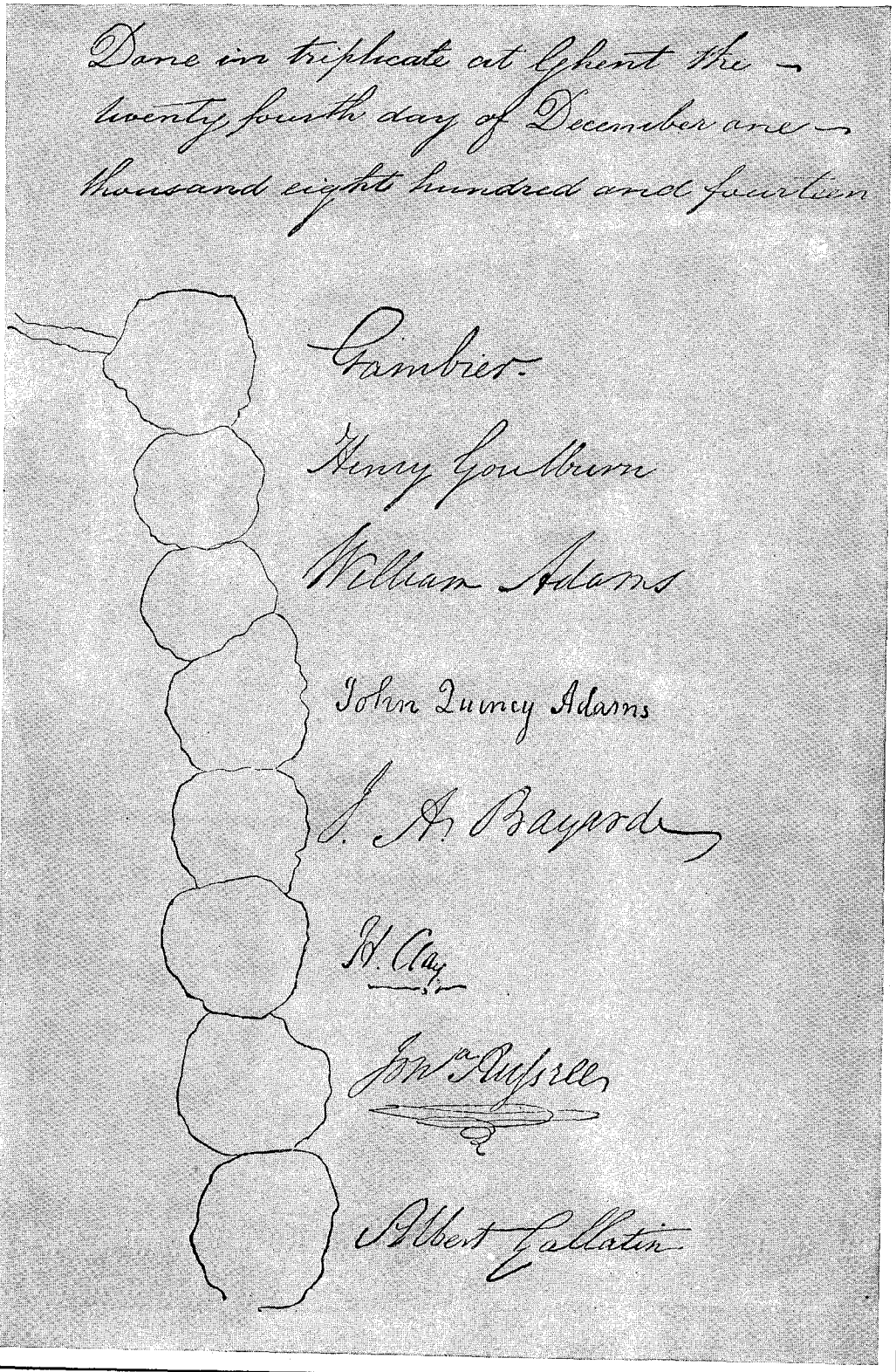

THE SIGNATURES TO THE TREATY OF GHENT

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Hon. Auditors: Messrs. Delcitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.
Secretary: H. S. Perris, M.A.
Chairman Memorials Committee: Earl of Plymouth.
Chairman Finance Committee: Lord Cowdray.
Chairman Dominions and Overseas Committee: Mr. Harry E. Brittain.
Chairman Publicity Committee: Mr. Sydney Brooks.

In August of last year an official visit to the city of Ghent was made by Mr. Harry E. Brittain, Chairman of the Overseas Committee of the British Committee, Mr. William B. Howland, Chairman of the American Committee on International Organization, with their wives; and Mr. H. S. Perris, Secretary of the British Committee. The party was cordially received by Mr. H. Abert Johnson, the American Consul, and Mr. Lethbridge, the British Consul, who presented them to the Burgomaster, the Hon. Emile Braun, and the other officials of the city. The Burgomaster entertained them at luncheon, where the city's welcome was voiced by prominent citizens, and escorted them to the points of historical interest connected with the anniversary, and to the extensive grounds of the Universal Exposition which is to signalize during the present year the industrial and civic prosperity of the ancient municipality.

The plans for organization of the Canadian Committee were begun during the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but the very vigorous campaign which preceded the change of government interrupted their progress. Soon after assuming the responsibilities of government the new Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden, P.C., appointed the Hon. G. H. Perley, a member of his Cabinet, to take the matter in hand, and on the 4th of June, 1912, a largely attended meeting was held at the House of Commons in Ottawa, in response to an invitation sent out by Mr. George A. Cox, Senator R. Dandurand, L. A. Jette, A. Lacoste, William Mackenzie, W. R. Meredith, William Mulock, T. G. Shaughnessy, and B. E. Walker. Replies of a sympathetic nature were received from nearly three hundred persons, including the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden; the former Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier; Sir William Van Horne, and Sir William Mackenzie. The presiding officer was Sir Edmund Walker; and the Secretary, Mr. C. F. Hamilton. After full discussion the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

SEAL OF GHENT

Resolved, That this meeting constitute itself into a Canadian National Association to join with the kindred Association in Great Britain for the purpose of co-operating with the National Committee in the United States, or any other body formed for a similar purpose, in commemorating the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States in 1814; that such Association be known as The Canadian Peace Centenary Association; and that membership be open to all persons in sympathy with the object thereof.

Sir Edmund Walker was unanimously elected President of the Association, and C. F. Hamilton Secretary. A general committee was then created containing the names of two hundred and sixty-four representative citizens from various parts of the Dominion. The concluding words of the speech of the Hon. W. T. White were as follows:

"So far as I can see, no serious cause for conflict can possibly arise between Great Britain and the United States. On the contrary, there is everything to draw them together in conjunction to bring about the peace of the world. I venture to say, without disrespect to other great nations, that the United States and England together could keep the peace of the world. This celebration should do much to impress not only the people of the United States and Great Britain, but of the whole world, with the advantage of peace. I hope the celebration may take the visible form of a memorial which will proclaim for all time that two great nations lived in peace and harmony for a period of one hundred years (and let us hope will for all time) without a gun upon a rampart or a gunboat upon a river or lake along three thousand five hundred miles of frontier, in the most friendly and neighborly feeling of amity and mutual respect and regard, and with no rivalry except in the enterprises of commerce and all the beneficent arts of peace."

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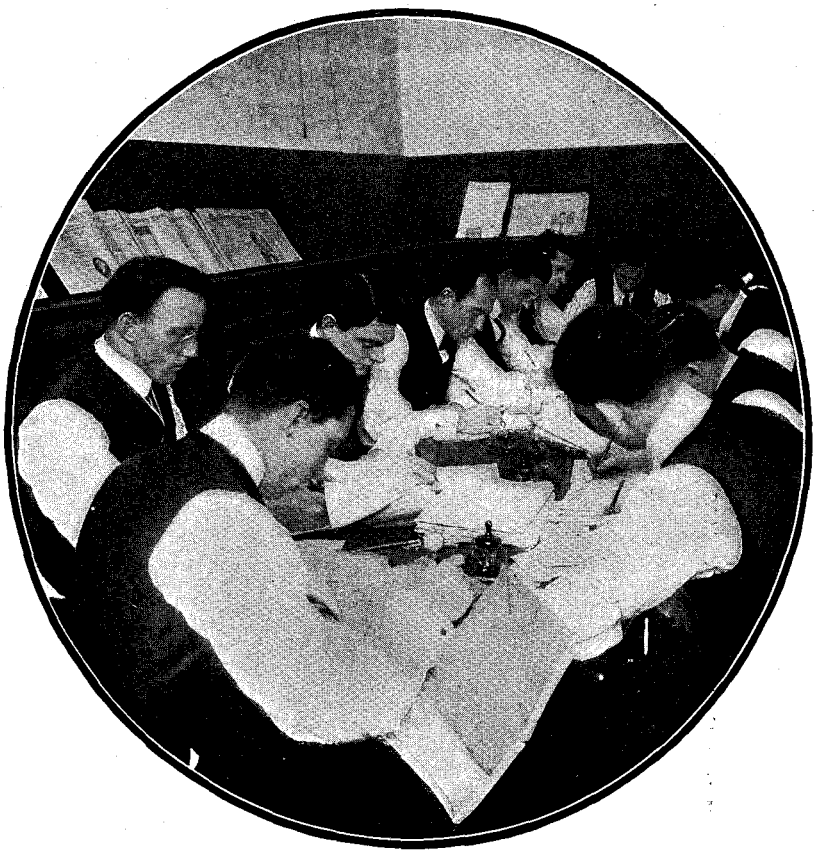

COPY!

BY HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

A NEWSPAPER MAN SIZES UP THE PULITZER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AND MAKES SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE

UP on the calmly academic heights whence Columbia University fronts the Hudson they are teaching journalism these days. In quiet class-rooms above the campus the first principles of copy-writing are expounded, and by preceptorial chalk the news of the day is dissected and analyzed on blackboards.

Down in the tumultuous, grimy city rooms of Park Row the copy-readers profanely hack bad grammar and libel from the stories of the "cubs," while typewriters and telegraph instruments rattle and clack, subterranean presses rumble, and newsboys bay the editions on the streets below.

Up on the heights and down on the Row they are both teaching the same lesson, and though in the old schools of the city rooms they may be a little inclined to scoff at the new method, yet they are all intensely interested in the experiment.

A PRACTICAL JOURNALIST'S PLAN

There is good reason for this interest, and it should not be limited to newspaper men. Modern journalism has grown to be a very great and irresponsible power in a democratic nation of vast distances and heterogeneous population like ours, and every one who realizes this fact will do well to watch the experiment which is being tried out on Columbia Heights. It is the first attempt to do for journalism on a big scale, with adequate equipment and financial backing, what the professional schools have done for medicine and law. There are many who say that

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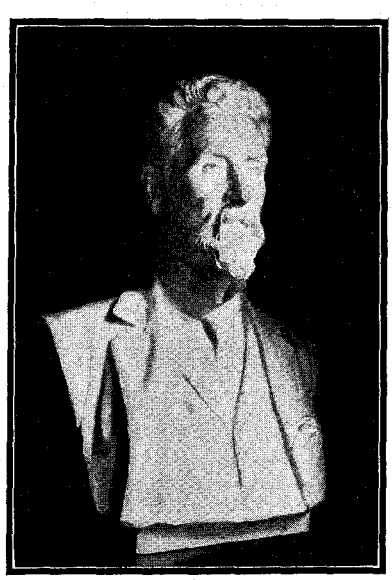
because of its illimitable field, as wide as human knowledge and human nature, journalism cannot be taught in schools and classes. There are others who declare that the true journalist is born, not made. They may both be right. Time and experiment alone can tell. But, pending the experiment, we may well suspend judgment when we remember that the man whose bequest made this school possible was himself a successful and intensely practical journalist. Whatever we may think of the late Joseph Pulitzer's journalistic methods, there is no doubting his success from a practical standpoint—and practical men are not in the habit of bequeathing large sums of money for visionary schemes.

When the bequests in Mr. Pulitzer's will were made public, I was reading copy on the city desk of a metropolitan newspaper, and I have a very vivid memory of the amused interest with which we all read of Mr. Pulitzer's provision for a school of journalism, with an endowment of a million dollars and the promise of a second million should the experiment prove a success. That interest was occasionally revived by announcements of Columbia University's plans for the new school's equipment and buildings and the appointment of a veteran journalist, Talcott Williams, as director and professor, and of Robert E. MacAlarney, former city editor of the New York "Evening Post," as associate professor. Every newspaper man in the country knows Dr. Williams by reputation at least, and we on our staff had more than once been given good reason to respect Mr. MacAlarney's enterprise as a city editor.



JOSEPH PULITZER
PRACTICAL JOURNALIST

"THE COLUMBIA CUBS"

I had left active newspaper work before the Columbia School of Journalism opened its first term last autumn, but every time I drifted back to Park Row I heard tales of the adventures of "MacAlarney's Columbia Cubs"—how they had swept down on police headquarters like the wolf on the fold; how the day and night sessions of the Becker trial had failed to dampen their ardor; how a pair of them, faring forth in a cockleshell motor boat, had held up the flag-ship of the North Atlantic fleet under way and had gained her august decks in quest of news of the naval parade. It appeared that they infested the entire city, and, according to the gossip of Park Row, which loses nothing in the telling, were quite as likely as not to be found on a Harlem gas suicide at dawn or a Chinatown tong-shooting at midnight.

It seemed worth while to trace such enterprising students of the gentle art of reporting to their lair in Columbia Heights, and one day a few weeks ago I descended into the subway and was hurled under the city to the north.

"Associate Professor" MacAlarney does not encourage the use of his scholastic title, but he received me hospitably on the seventh floor of Hamilton Hall. Here he presides in his city room over a very passable imitation of a copy-desk, flanked by a formidable battery of typewriter desks and backed by an imposing array of newspaper files. One might have called "Copy!" on impulse, but for a sudden glimpse of great blackboards covered with writing in chalk.

"That," said Mr. MacAlarney with a smile, "is a human interest story, and not a bad one at all. Story of a Tammany floater one of my young men picked up down on the East Side. We discussed it this morning in class and copy-read it on the blackboard."

It wasn't a bad story by long odds, and would probably have found its way into type in any New York newspaper. This looked like more practical work than I had expected.

"Practical!" Mr. MacAlarney re-echoed the word. "Our work certainly is just as practical as we can make it. Look here."

He led the way to an assignment list on a bulletin-board on the wall and read out:

COVERING THE BECKER TRIAL

"Becker trial, police headquarters, ship news, night court, Harlem, West Side Court, City Hall, pol-

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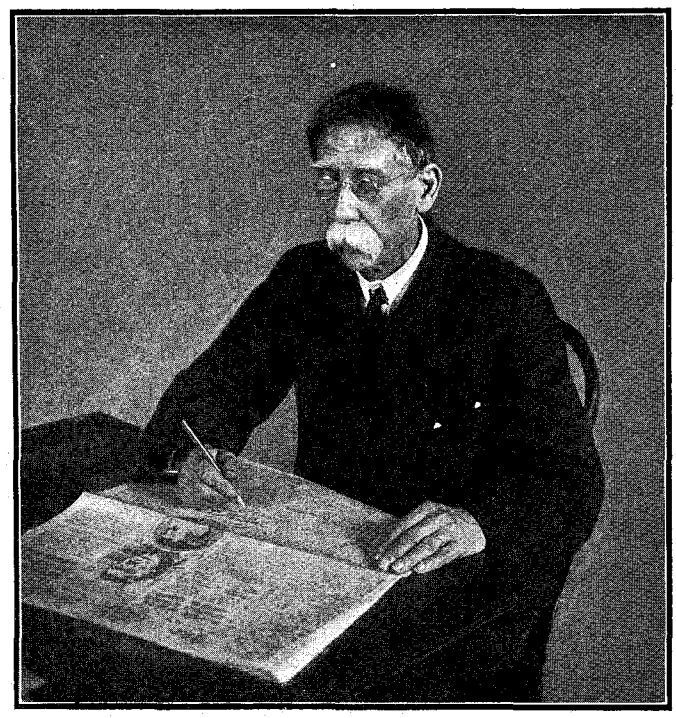
itics—we're covering them all. Doesn't that sound practical? We've had two men at the Becker trial most of the time. When I sent the first man down to the Becker trial, I couldn't give him a police card, but I told him that was a situation he might encounter any time in actual newspaper work and that he *had* to get into that court-room." Mr. MacAlarney grinned. "I don't know how he got in—but he did!

"I've tried to keep them out on the street and give them just as much actual experience as possible, and really it's remarkable how well some of them have done. They're just as enthusiastic as the best sort of cub. Of course their work is uneven, raw in spots, but they're all willing and eager to learn, and some have stuff in them that any newspaper would be glad to have on its staff."



"TO DR. WILLIAMS JOURNALISM IS THE GREATEST AND MOST INSPIRING OF ALL PROFESSIONS"

The teacher of journalism told with gusto how he had assigned two of his pupils to cover the naval review in the North River.

"We didn't get our passes for the Nashville until too late to be of any use. Just as in the Becker case, I told them that was one of the exigencies of the newspaper game—that they had to get aboard, pass or no pass. They made good, too. I don't know just how they managed it. The Nashville was under way when they reached the landing-stage, but they hired a launch, chased her down stream and got aboard somehow. They brought back a fairly good story, too. It's all very real to them, I tell you, and they go in for it in great shape.

"I try to hammer into them day after day that they've got to learn to *get the news*—that whatever else a reporter can or can't do, he isn't a reporter until he has learned to get the news."

This spirit argues well for the success of Mr. MacAlarney's teaching, for if there is one thing in which previous courses in journalism have been woefully wanting, it is this same all-important, absolutely essential emphasis on the news-getting end of a reporter's work.

To one who has seen service on a newspaper the training in actual news-gathering and news-writing is naturally among the most interesting features of the School of Journalism's work. But the plan and scope of the courses in journalism are far wider than that. Mr. MacAlarney trains the third and fourth year men for their service on the firing line and in the practical work of editing, copy-reading, head-writing, etc. He does not take up this training, however, until the students have received the broad and solid foundation of a liberal education.

THE REQUIRED STUDIES

The requirements for admission to the School of Journalism are very similar to those of other American colleges of the better class, with rather more emphasis laid on modern languages and rather less on Latin and Greek. Among the more important of the studies in the four years' work are courses in newspaper reading in French or German, general surveys of history and literature, history of journalism, elements of law (with special reference to the law of libel), and a course in economics in relation to the labor and trust problems. There are, besides, the directly journalistic courses in reporting, copy-writing, editing, rewriting, etc. The

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students also attend special lectures by practical journalists.

And then the graduate, laden with this heavy weight of knowledge, crowned with his degree of Bachelor of Literature, will make his way down to Park Row—and look for a $15 a week job!

Will he get it? I wonder. And when he gets his job, how long will he hold it? Will his salary be raised any faster than that of the ambitious cub who has learned his lesson in the rough-and-ready school of experience?

I do not mean to deride. I am intensely interested in the experiment and sincerely hopeful of its success. The list of studies is impressive, the arrangement excellent, the educational record of the teaching staff a guarantee of the quality of instruction.

There are few working newspaper men who would not, in their hearts, rejoice to include in their mental equipment the useful knowledge which four years of such study can give.

FOR THE WORKING NEWSPAPER MEN

Right here I want to say that the Columbia School of Journalism will miss one of its biggest fields of usefulness if it does not make more adequate provision for opening its great educational facilities to the working newspaper men—the men who are actually holding down jobs on the metropolitan newspapers and have enough gumption and ambition to want to hold down better jobs. Perhaps it is not fair to criticise the tentative, experimental work of a new institution's first year, and I believe that provision has been made to admit "non-matriculated students to the school at the discretion of the Director." In plain English this means that any working newspaper man who can suitably arrange his hours off duty can take a partial course of the studies for which he has the necessary preparation. Eighteen men have actually left newspaper positions to enter the school. But this is not enough. In the first place, the average working newspaper man would never recognize himself in the guise of a "non-matriculated student." In the second place, unless there is some provision for night classes, this arrangement would rule out all the evening newspaper men, at least half of the total number. Mr. Pulitzer himself had this feature of the work plainly in mind, for he wrote in his will:

"I desire to assist in attracting to this profession young men of character and ability, *also to help those already engaged in the profession to acquire the highest moral and intellectual training.*"

Let us return to our mutton, to Mr. Pulitzer's "young man of character and ability," armed with his degree of Bachelor of Literature, hot-footing it down Park Row in quest of a job. Let us suppose that he lands that job at $15 a week.

He will *not* be called upon to write treatises on the labor and trust problems or the industrial revolution. His first practical knowledge of these important problems may be driven home by the business end of a brick in a strike riot. He is likely to discover that laboratory courses in modern European history have failed to post him on the gossip of King Manuel and Gaby de Lys, should he ever be called upon to write either of their "obits" to catch-as-catch-can an edition. He will probably find

"WE HAD GOOD REASON TO RESPECT MR. MACALARNEY'S ENTERPRISE AS CITY EDITOR"

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that reading German newspapers will not help him to understand Yiddish pigeon English on an East Side assignment. Theoretical study of interviewing may prove disappointing in practical results when he encounters the garrulous Mr. Rockefeller or the loquacious Mr. Morgan. Should a possible indisposition of the political reporter give him an opportunity to question Charles F. Murphy in the seats of the mighty at Tammany Hall, no previous study of American party politics is going to help him interpret the big chief's favorite reply of "Huh!"

"WHEN HE ENCOUNTERS THE GARRULOUS MR. ROCKEFELLER"

MR. MURPHY'S GRUNTS

Yet I have heard Dan Ryan, sagacious veteran of many campaigns, when we had filed out from the presence, translate Mr. Murphy's cryptic grunts, as by some mysterious code of accent and intonation, into a diagnosis of the political situation which afterwards proved correct.

Our Bachelor of Literature in Journalism will be lucky if he remembers all the theoretical rules of journalistic composition when he discovers some day, twenty minutes before edition time, that the powers that be in his office regard the news he has stumbled upon as a big story—when half-finished sheets are snatched out of his typewriter, when bawls of "Copy!" mean *his* story rushing up the chute to feed the hungry linotype's maw, when a tense voice snaps over his shoulder, "Give us all you can write!"

Then he will know what "writing under pressure" means in a sense that no time limitations of instructors in class-rooms can ever teach.

We will suppose, however, that he has the right stuff in him, that he keeps his nerve in emergencies. We will imagine that he has been making good on minor out-of-door assignments, and is given more important, more difficult work. He will soon run up against puzzles that will test his nose for news. For instance (this is an actual case), let us suppose his paper's San Francisco correspondent wires a "tip" that the widow of a great railway financier, some time dead, is about to marry her husband's nephew.

"Go ask them," says the city editor in a matter-of-fact manner. The reporter marches up the steps of the widow's Fifth Avenue palace and listens to a superior footman in livery say, "Net et hem." The superior footman is not impressed by an offer to write a note on a card. The telephone is a private number not listed. The Bachelor of Literature draws a similar blank at the club where the nephew lives.

Now he has covered the routine. What will our Bachelor of Literature do next? The answer is likely to prove whether or not he has a real "nose for news," whether he is wasting his time in newspaper work.

A JOURNALISTIC PROBLEM

The solution of this little journalistic problem was actually arrived at as follows: The reporter slipped back to his own office, without reporting to the city editor, and dug hastily into the "morgue," as they call the filing-cabinets where clippings in regard to well-known people, notable cases, events, etc., are kept. He extracted the clippings of the stories relating to the famous railway financier's death. He copied the list of executors named in the financier's will, and hastened down to the Wall Street office of one of these executors, a well-known lawyer. The lawyer was luckily in his office; the case was

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diplomatically outlined to him, with due emphasis on the fact that the yellow newspapers had already published the rumor in exaggerated form and that the reporter's paper desired merely an authentic statement. The lawyer called the widow on the telephone (he had the private number), and also communicated with the nephew. The result was a brief but authorized and authentic statement, which was a little "beat" for the reporter's paper.

This story in itself was of no great importance. It is merely a good illustration of the efficient solution of a news-gathering problem. And I cannot help wondering how the School of Journalism's news-gathering courses can be made sufficiently practical to teach this sort of resourcefulness that every good reporter learns in the school of hard experience. The question cannot be brushed aside by the answer that this part of the journalist's work is too trivial for serious consideration. It is very far from trivial. Reporters do not learn to solve big news-gathering problems until they have had as part of their practical education thousands of little problems like the widow and the nephew to work out to a satisfactory solution. And never forget that news-gathering is the one absolutely essential part of a newspaper's work. If you haven't the news, you can't print a newspaper.

The practical men of the School of Journalism know all this well enough, and they know that real success in their work depends on their ability to teach the art of gathering news.

DR. WILLIAMS AS DIRECTOR

Dr. Williams, the Director of the School, has no fear of failure, and his record as a practical journalist makes his confidence reassuring. He has served his time variously as reporter, night editor, Albany and Washington correspondent, editorial writer, managing editor and associate editor on such newspapers as the New York "Sun" and "World," the Springfield "Republican," and the Philadelphia "Press." He impresses one instantly as a man whose whole heart is in his work. No one could doubt that to him journalism is the greatest and most inspiring of all professions.

I found him in his office ensconced behind a barricade of packing-boxes. His private "morgue" had just arrived from Philadelphia and had found refuge in his office in the University library building, for the School of Journalism is necessarily scattered about the campus pending the completion of the School's own building.

"You want me to tell you what the School of Journalism hopes to accomplish?" asked the Director. "We hope to train men for journalism as a profession." He looked out of the window in silence for a minute, gazing at the roofs and spires of the big city that surrounds the University's quiet green closes, and then he continued:

"All professional training has two factors: one, training in the principles and method of the calling; the other, in technical proficiency. A good illustration of this is the study of medicine and law. In the study of medicine, for instance, work in biology and chemistry is succeeded by clinical work in the medical theater.

"The journalist serves society, and he needs to know the structure of society, its institutions and industries, their development and their relation to each other.

NEW YORK CITY A LABORATORY

"The solution in this School is to treat New York City as a laboratory in which the student will obtain his practical training. All the splendid endowment, buildings, and complete apparatus which Mr. Pulitzer gave to the School would have been of little value if he had not the sound common sense to realize and point out the practical value of New York City as a laboratory.

"A true school of journalism can exist only in a big city. You cannot obtain the wide variety of news necessary for the observation of the student in any other way. It is just the same as in the medical school. Many times medical schools in the smaller cities have their courses dislocated for months by the lack of some specific surgical case or malady."

Dr. Williams smiled quaintly.

"They have to wait, you see, until Providence offers the necessary case to fit the needs of medical study.

"Take the work," he continued, "that our fourth-year men have been doing in the past few weeks. You will understand the importance of this sort of training. They have covered the news of the battle-ships, the Becker trial, and all the various court and department assignments. They have lived for days together at police headquarters watching experienced newspaper men at their work and learning from practical experience how news is gathered.

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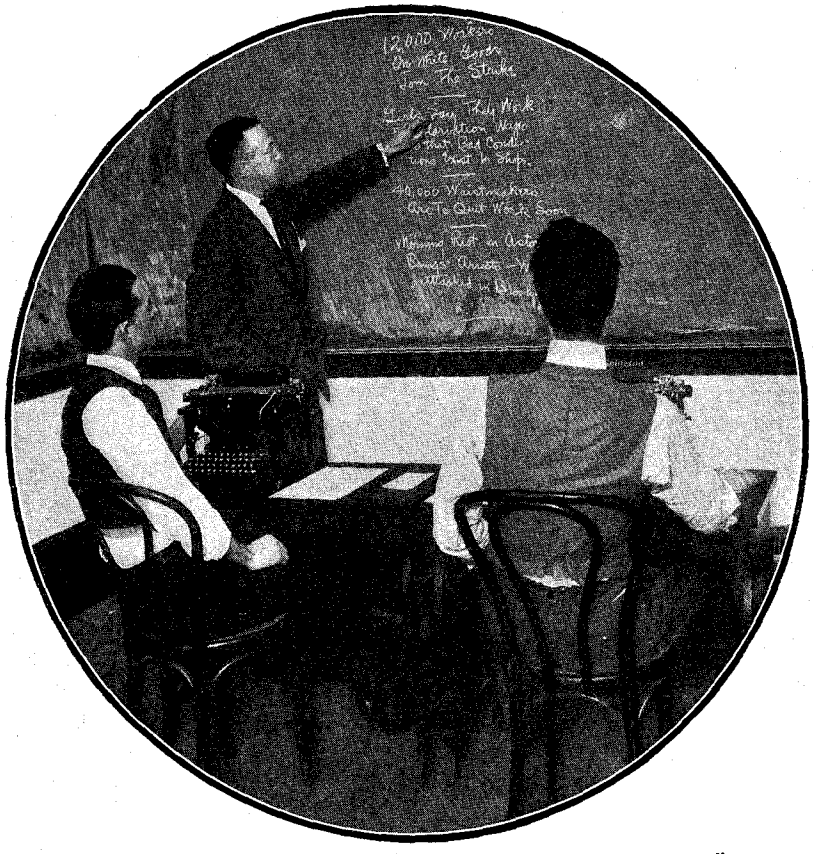

"THE NEWS OF THE DAY IS DISSECTED ON BLACKBOARDS"

"Experience like this which the student of journalism can obtain in New York constitutes a technical training of the highest possible value. There is no way that a man could get this experience short of actual newspaper work, and the great majority of men employed on newspaper staffs never obtain as complete, all-round training as it will be possible for our students to obtain."

"But will they get this training under actual newspaper service conditions?" I asked.

"They will do their work just as nearly as possible under the conditions of actual newspaper service," he replied, emphatically. "There will, however, be this difference. They will be compelled to do their work hurriedly, under pressure, just as every newspaper man has to learn to work. But the actual working newspaper man is supervised by men who must throw him aside if he does not instantly prove himself competent for the work. On a newspaper staff the supervisors themselves are working under pressure and have not much time to waste in showing the beginner how to do his work. In the School there will be this advantage—that, although the students must do their work under pressure, the teachers will have the time, and it will be their duty, to review this work done under pressure, criticising and explaining and correcting errors.

SCHOOL VS. CITY ROOM

"Granting that the student has an aptitude for journalism, New York City as a laboratory, and five or six practical journalists giving all their time to training him, we feel that at the end of a year the graduate of the School of Journalism will be, not necessarily a better man for reporting than the product of the city room, but as good, and that after five or ten years this man will find that he has a better equipment for his work than that which he would have won in actual wage-earning competition. Moreover, we believe that after this training the graduate of the School of Journalism will make the same rapid advance as do the graduates of medical

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and law schools when they come to the practical work of their calling."

As many as possible of the men who propose entering the School are given an opportunity to meet Dr. Williams and discuss with him journalism as a calling. He paints no rosy picture of newspaper work to the eager young men who feel called to adopt journalism as their life-work. He tells them that it is the hardest, the most exacting, and, for the quantity and quality of work required, the worst-paid profession a man can enter. He describes the long hours, the nerve-racking strain, and the uncertain future which journalism promises. Dr. Williams tells the whole story which any working newspaper man will tell one who plans to choose journalism as his profession.

It would be a very dull-witted young man, though, who could not glean that Dr. Williams, for all this formidable introduction, regards journalism as among the most interesting, inspiring, and useful of all professions; and the neophyte who is proof against discouragement will win a warm hand-clasp and a kindly smile that he will long remember as his accolade.

These student-reporters, indeed, work with the deadly earnestness of the newest and most enthusiastic "cub." This enthusiasm is good to see, for without an unbounded enthusiasm for his work no man can become or continue to be a successful reporter. It is equally good that these students of journalism should be turned loose on the run of the news of the day, if not in competition at least in company with the working newspaper men. In no other way could they learn so rapidly and so thoroughly how news is actually gathered. But there is also a very real danger that they will learn too much, that they will pick up too much of what is bad as well as what is good in the work of the average reporter of to-day.

"CRAWLING THROUGH COAL-HOLES"

There was recently published in "Leslie's Weekly" a thoroughly vicious comment on the new School of Journalism, well calculated to give its students a distorted view of a successful reporter's work. The article in question is anonymous, signed "By a Newspaper Man." It is interesting chiefly because it expresses in rather picturesque fashion a point of view in regard to newspaper work which is passing. Many of the writer's suggestions have real value, particularly when he insists upon the absolute necessity of practical training in the actual gathering of news. But I venture to disagree when he intimates that the graduates of the School will never be successful reporters until they have learned to pose as insurance agents and booksellers, to crack lewd jokes with policemen and the politicians of the slums, to cover society weddings by crawling through coal-holes, to steal photographs, and to "sit still in a hotel lobby and overhear a political conversation."

I do not know on what newspaper the writer of this article served. There are one or two newspapers in New York City on which he might have been expected or encouraged to do some or all of these things. My own experience on my paper covered a pretty good run of news in a good many States of the Union, but I do not recall crawling through any Fifth Avenue coal-holes, stealing photographs, or eavesdropping on political conversations. I think I should have been discharged pretty promptly had I been discovered doing any of these things.

We who have served our time on newspapers do indeed know this type of reporting, and you who read these lines and read the newspapers know the type of news which is gathered by back stairs and eavesdropping.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

The School of Journalism is only a small and experimental part of a movement which I hope and believe will some day make that type of news and newspaper a thing of the past. It is for this reason that the experiment now on trial at Columbia University has the sincerest good wishes for its success from all of us who have found enough inspiration in newspaper work to hope that American journalism will become bigger and better in future years. The American newspaper to-day, mechanically and in the gathering of news, is a marvel of efficiency. We hope to see it record more fairly and impartially the news so efficiently gathered. We hope to see much that is now called news cast aside, branded with its true name of scandal, calumny, and blatant vulgarity. We hope to see American newspapers become, what they should be and are not always now, honest leaders of American public opinion.

It is you, however, you readers of American newspapers, who will decide whether these hopes can ever be realized. For rest assured that no newspaper can assume a

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higher mental and moral attitude than that assumed by the general average of its readers. If *you* read the news gathered by back stairs and eavesdropping and buy the newspapers which print that sort of news, needless to say that sort of news and newspapers will continue to be printed, and such papers will have the biggest circulations.

The men who publish the yellowest of newspapers would almost invariably prefer to have them decent and clean—if they could hold their circulation. Once the "yellows" have their big circulation, they tend to become less and less sensational.

MR. PULITZER'S JOURNALISM

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is an excellent maxim, but there is a thought which will come to practically every one who reads or thinks about a School of Journalism founded by Mr. Pulitzer, and it would be foolish to dodge the issue.

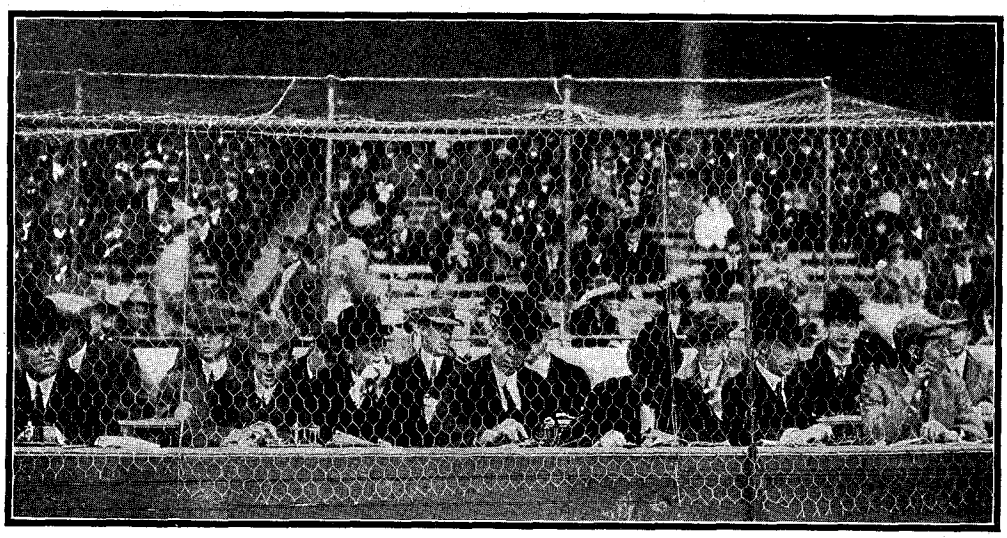
There is no blinking the fact that Joseph Pulitzer was the first exponent of yellow journalism. He blazed the trail that Hearst followed deeper into the slime. Mr. Pulitzer's newspapers, however, for all their sensationalism and worse, editorially often spoke the plain truth when none other dared to do so, and they always printed *all* the news, without fear or favor of any powers, business, political, or social.

He gave to millions of readers the sort of sensational news they craved, and an enormous circulation enabled him to build up a news-gathering machine of marvelous efficiency. It is difficult to say whether he did more harm than good in the process. Once firmly established, his newspapers became less sensational. Doubtless the improvement was as rapid as it could be made without losing circulation. The same improvement is noticeable in some measure in the Hearst papers to-day. On the whole, even the worst of the yellows not only become less sensational with the normal American increase of education and culture, but actually strive, so far as they can without danger to their circulation, to improve their readers' standard of taste.

A GREAT AND USEFUL FIELD

It is for these reasons that I believe the time has come when it is right and proper that the experiment now on trial at Columbia University should be made. If this experiment is a success, if the efficient gathering and writing of news can be taught in schools, the School of Journalism has a great and useful field before it. That field can be no better described that in these words of the School's founder, Joseph Pulitzer:

"In all my planning the chief end I had in view was the welfare of the Republic. It will be the object of the College to make better journalists, who will make better newspapers, which will better serve the public. It will impart knowledge, not for its own sake, but to be used in the public service. It will try to develop character, but even that will be only a means to one supreme end—the public good."



SENDING THE BASEBALL STORY OVER THE WIRES

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TALES OUT OF COURT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRANT

THIRD TALE

LEAVE TO INTERVENE

THE postponement of Gedney's case did not take the bar of Fraser County entirely by surprise. Indeed, the general opinion seemed to be that his counsel, Mr. Poinder, had done extremely well in forcing his opponent to content himself with a delay of four-and-twenty hours. It was not often that Wallace Dunham left a court-room on as short a tether as that. His metropolitan reputation as the resurrectionist of dead causes had penetrated even the remotest country districts, and the practitioners attending the spring Circuit at distant Belo were no strangers to the stories of his powers. His client, the Farm Supply Company, and its attorney, Artemus Peck, had, it is true, almost exhausted the possibilities of delay before he had arrived upon the scene, but, if further obstruction was his aim, he had, in the judgment of the experts, met with a sharp repulse. But, grateful to local pride as this conclusion was, it could not be accepted by the lobby of the Reeve House without prolonged debate. Nothing ever was accepted by that unofficial forum without the fullest possible discussion, but on this occasion it decided with some unanimity that the Resurrectionist was merely "sparring for position" and intended promptly to take up the gage of battle which Richard Poinder had so defiantly flung down.

That the wish was father to this thought could not be denied, but no familiar of the Reeve House would have claimed that its wish was inspired solely by personal regard for Poinder or his distracted client. Of course the non-professional element among the guests who, term after term, had watched David Gedney's stern chase of justice, silently sympathized with the frail little old gentleman who had well-nigh expended his strength and resources in bringing his giant competitor to bay, and Old Man Reeve was almost recklessly outspoken in his defense. Indeed, the host of the Reeve House never missed a chance of denouncing the legal mockeries which had already aged his friend, and now bade fair to wreck his business as well as his health.

But public opinion in the hotel lobby during Circuit week was governed by the Bar, and the Bar of Fraser County was not given to excessive sentiment. The Farm Supply Company vs. Gedney & Son promised to provide the local arena with a battle royal of the law. This was its sole interest for the legal fraternity, and revealed the open secret of its hope that the morrow would not see another spoke in Gedney's wheel. No such opportunity for observing the tactics of a distinguished trial counsel from the city had occurred in Belo for years, and the entire Bar had breathed a sigh of relief when Poinder had refused to yield his place on the calendar and virtually forced the court to suspend proceedings for the day in order to grant the Resurrectionist the brief adjournment he had asked.

It was under these circumstances that a few hours later Foster fairly startled the lobby with a well-nigh incomprehensible remark.

"I wish young Corning joy with his case this afternoon," he observed, addressing the assembled company in general.

It would have been impossible for the speaker to frame a more inviting opening, but, curious as his hearers were to understand the meaning of his ominous declaration, it elicited no encouraging response. On the contrary, those who were reading screened themselves behind their newspapers in silent protest against any violation of the unwritten law of the Reeve House which prohibited conversation for the hour following the noon-day meal.

Foster was perfectly familiar with this rule. Indeed, no one but a fledgling member of the Bar could plead ignorance of any of the traditions of the lobby, and Foster was no tyro. On this occasion, however, he calmly disregarded the obvious disapproval of his associates and repeated his remark, glancing hopefully toward the group around

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the table at which Old Man Reeve and Brundage, the State's Attorney, were playing their daily game of checkers. Not a head turned in his direction; so, after a pause, he rose from his chair and, standing with his back to the big wood stove, attempted another advance.

"A madder set of jurymen I never laid eyes on," he commented. "Picking out the unprejudiced from that lot will be harder than finding golf balls in a daisy field."

One of the readers tossed aside his newspaper with unmistakable impatience, and, tipping back his chair against the wall, began filling his pipe.

"I'd rather sit in court and be paid for listening to chatter than endure it elsewhere for nothing," he muttered.

The tattoo of applause which greeted this caustic reproof lowered several newspaper shields and Foster acknowledged it with a gracious wave of his hand.

"A hit; a palpable hit, Brother Warren!" he responded, affably. "But the trouble with your reasoning is that the jurors on this Circuit are paid by the term and not by the case; so when the calendar breaks, as it did this morning, and there's every prospect of a holiday, they don't feel that they're exactly making money when a youngster like Corning pops up with a plea for an afternoon session."

An afternoon session? What did that mean? Every man in the room knew that not a case had been ready when the Resurrectionist had received his eleventh-hour respite, but, though they looked inquiringly at each other, no one voiced the necessary question. Finally Old Man Reeve paused with his hand on a checker and peered over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the speaker.

"What are you talking 'bout, Mr. Foster?" he inquired. "I was to court this forenoon, and the hull calendar split to pieces after Gedney's case went off."

"That's what I thought, Pete," responded the lawyer, "and the talesmen thought so too; but just as Kinsley was leaving the bench that young fool Corning hopped up with a hard luck story about a short cause and a lady client from a distant town who could be ready for trial in an hour or so. Of course I supposed his Honor would bite the boy's head off before he'd finished talking, but he didn't; and when little Hixon, who represented the other side, joined in the plea, he actually countermanded the adjournment for the day and ordered a recess until two o'clock. By Jove, I'll never forget the faces of the jurymen at that announcement! Of all the wet hens I ever saw they were the maddest, and if Corning can get twelve of them to agree with him on any subject he's more of a wizard than I fancy."

Perhaps it was well for Corning that he did not enter the lobby at that moment, for his reception at the hands of his legal brethren would certainly have hurt his self-respect. Resentment and disgust were depicted in every face, and even Old Man Reeve's round, good-natured countenance was clouded. For a while no one spoke, and then Parton crushed his newspaper into a ball and hurled it at the stove.

"Gol darn all such meddling pups!" he muttered. "That's good-by to to-morrow's programme, I reckon, and with only a few days left in this term we may as well go home."

"Not necessarily," objected Plimpton. "Corning and Hixon may finish their fight this afternoon. You said it was a short cause, didn't you, Foster?"

The lawyer laughed, and, hooking a chair toward him with his foot, sat down.

"A short cause!" he sniffed. "I know these simple, short causes! They're always so crowded with fine points of law that the facts get smothered, and after days of argument the jury stays out all night and ends in disagreeing. That'll be the finish of this case, too, I'd like to bet, with all the jurors fighting mad before they enter the box."

"Did any of them protest?"

"No. What good would it have done to protest? But two of them asked to be excused, and, Kinsley being in one of his ugliest moods, they got thoroughly snubbed for their pains. In fact, I've never heard his Honor berate anybody worse than he did those two unfortunates, and after he left the bench that secretary of his, Abner Saltus, snarled and snapped at them because they ventured to ask a few simple questions about the probable length of the term. If those two fellows don't find some way of evading jury duty before this court meets again, I miss my mark."

"They're fools if they don't," commented Brundage from the checker table. "The way we handle jurors is enough to sicken any self-respecting citizen. Instead of regarding them as judges of the facts, who are entitled to something of the respect and considera-

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NOT A HEAD TURNED IN HIS DIRECTION; SO, AFTER A PAUSE, HE ROSE FROM HIS CHAIR AND,

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STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE BIG WOOD STOVE, ATTEMPTED ANOTHER ADVANCE

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tion that is accorded a judge of the law, we treat them like criminals, unrepresented by counsel, whom every whippersnapper of an official is free to insult!—Foster, you've ruined Pete's game with this talk-fest.—That was a fatal move of yours, old man. I've got you absolutely. Want to struggle any longer?"

The proprietor knocked the ashes out of his pipe without removing his eyes from the board, and his face, which had remained uncommonly grim, gradually resumed its humorous expression.

"Reckon I'll wriggle around for a spell," he drawled. "Warn't it you that wuz tellin' me, Mr. Brundage, 'bout the city jury that got stuck between floors in an elevator when retiring for their verdict?"

"I remember something like that," interposed one of the onlookers. "What happened to 'em, Tom?"

"Why, after they'd been cooped up for a while they took a ballot and agreed on a verdict," responded the prosecutor. "That just suited the Judge, who wanted to get away, so he held court on the stairs surrounding the cage, had the verdict recorded, and went home."

"Leaving the twelve good men and true in the cage, I suppose," laughed Foster.

"Of course," responded the State's Attorney. "Nobody cared what happened to them. But they were revenged in a way, for the fellow that lost the case appealed on the ground that the Code required the jury to retire to a 'convenient and private room,' and the learned reviewing court decided that an elevator wasn't a private room and was blamed inconvenient. So the verdict was upset. Hello, Pete! what are you doing?"

"Just forcing you to take one and lose two," responded the Old Man, with a chuckle. "Go on conversin'. It's quite a help."

"I'll get you yet, you old fox!" retorted his opponent, joining in the general laugh. "There! Now get out of that trap if you can.—What's Corning's case about, Foster?"

"About slandering a house, as far as I could make out," responded the lawyer.

"Slandering a house? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Foster shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, that's what I'd call it," he responded. "Anyway, the fight is between two women, one of whom accuses the other of spreading reports that her house is haunted, with the result that she hasn't been able to rent it for years."

"Wow!" exclaimed Plimpton. "There's all sorts of possibilities in that case, and—"

"There's a whole library of law points and a week's trial in it," interrupted Parton. "I told you it meant good-by to Gedney's case for this term, and I start home to-night."

Plimpton glanced at the clock, and, rising, took his raincoat from the hook.

"I'm with you, Parton," he announced. "Let's go down to the depot, see about the trains, and take in a bit of this 'house-slander' action on the way back. We've got plenty of time, and, the more I think of it, the better I like that case. It's just stuffed full of opportunities, and, with Corning and Hixon trying out their horns on it, it ought to be as good as a play. Come on, boys," he continued, addressing the others. "Let's meet at the Court-House and get some fun out of this rotten wet day."

There was no immediate response to this suggestion, but after Plimpton had departed the lobby gradually thinned until Old Man Reeve and his opponent found themselves its sole remaining occupants. For a few moments they continued their game in silence, and then paused, as though by mutual consent.

"Well, Pete," began the State's Attorney, "you're in the double corner again and I don't seem to have any more luck in catching you than poor old Gedney has in corralling the Supply People. I thought Poinder had Dunham caught this time, for sure, but it looks as though the Resurrectionist had slipped into a sort of double corner himself. By Jove, practicing law is rather like playing checkers, isn't it?"

The old man blew some scatterings from his tobacco pouch onto the floor and shook his head.

"Nope," he answered. "Everything's *above* board in *this* game."

He tapped the table as he spoke, and, rasping a match across it, proceeded to relight his pipe.

"That's saying a bit too much or a bit too little, isn't it, Pete?" inquired the lawyer, after a pause.

The veteran leaned forward, and, resting his elbows on the table, with his chin in his hands, stared steadily at his questioner.

"Maybe it is, Mr. Brundage," he reflected. "Maybe it is. But you're a good friend of

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"NOPE," HE ANSWERED. "EVERYTHING'S ABOVE BOARD IN THIS GAME"

Mr. Poinder's, counselor, so I'm going to take a chance and tell you something more. What'd you say if I wuz to tell you that Dunham worked that adjournment this morning by playin' politics with Judge Kinsley?"

Brundage smiled.

"I'd say that the silly season in politics had arrived rather early this year," he responded.

"All right, counselor. I'm not going into the details of it, but you know the Judge is dead-set on gettin' renominated at the primaries next month, and I've a notion that the Supply people have kinder intimated that he'll need their help. Anyway, there's been some real or make-believe opposition to him down at Crosby's Forks, and the candidate they're talkin' up is Poinder."

The State's Attorney gave a low whistle.

"You're no more surprised than Mr. Poinder was, counselor," continued his companion. "He was for seein' the Judge at once and tellin' him the hull thing wuz a fake. But I reckoned to hoist 'em with their own petard this forenoon by fixin' it so's they couldn't name any one but Kinsley *or* him. So I told him—"

"I see," interrupted the lawyer. "He was to let Kinsley understand that he'd really fight for the nomination if Gedney's case should be delayed. By Jiminy, that was pretty shrewd, Pete!"

The old man shook his head.

"Maybe it wuz a bit too shrewd, Mr. Brundage," he responded, gloomily. "I ain't so all-fired sure they *wuz* playin' politics, which is a mighty dangerous game. But, if they wuz, I reckon we're a day late in findin' it out. Anyway, they've quit it, and now they're trying cross-tag."

The Prosecutor pushed back his chair with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Cross-tag!" he exclaimed. "I don't know what you're talking about, Pete. It's all too much for me."

"'Tain't neither," asserted his host. "It's plain as day. We were going to tag Kinsley, and I reckon they knew it. Well, they've crossed us with Corning's case. As long as that's blocking the way they don't have to ask nothin' of Kinsley and he don't have to do nothin'. There ain't no danger in that, is there?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Brundage nodded comprehendingly.

"I see," he responded. "You think they got '*leave to intervene*,' so to speak. But would a man like the Resurrectionist risk letting that young fool Corning into his confidence sufficiently to work such a scheme?"

The host of the Reeve House gave a snort of contempt.

"Good Lord, no!" he responded; "and 'twarn't necessary. Hixon and that little rat

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Peck, who pettifogs for the Supply folks, are thick as thieves, ain't they? Well, I reckon they fixed it up between 'em on a hint from the city shark, and the Corning boy has played right into their hands."

The Prosecutor nodded again.

"By Jove, I believe you're right, Pete!" he muttered. "I thought I knew all the tricks for staving off the day of reckoning, but side-tracking your opponent for a day and then blocking the calendar with a 'short cause' which'll outlast the term is a new one to me. What does Poinder think about it?"

"He doesn't know it's happened. He went over to the Forks directly after court, you remember, and—"

"Of course. And Gedney?"

"He's upstairs. This morning pretty nigh killed him, and this afternoon 'll finish the job, unless—"

The old man paused, and, taking his watch from his pocket, carefully compared it with the clock.

"Unless what, Pete?"

"Unless you want to come to the rescue, Counselor."

Brundage stared at his host with amused astonishment.

"Me?" he repeated, smilingly. "What can I do?"

"Well," drawled the proprietor, "you're a friend of Mr. Poinder's, and I thought maybe you'd play the game for him till he got back."

"Game? What game, Pete?"

"Cross-tag, Mr. Brundage. They've shoved Corning over to save themselves, haven't they? Then he's the lad to tag."

The lawyer gazed at the shrewd face confronting him, as though debating the wisdom of inviting further confidences along this line, but the old man's smile was reassuring.

"I'd be glad enough to help Poinder," he responded, slowly, "but I'm not much good at games, Pete, and worse at guessing riddles. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to act as counsel for Brother Corning, sir."

The State's Attorney pushed back his chair and burst out laughing, but his companion stopped him with a gesture.

"I'm not joking, Mr. Brundage," he protested, earnestly. "A boy like Corning might drag on that case of his'n forever, but you could finish it before nightfall. He's nervous as a cat, and he'd jump at the chance of letting you handle it for him if you volunteered to do it. Now don't get huffy, counselor," he continued, as he noted a shadow on the Prosecutor's face. "I ain't for suggestin' that you *throw* his case. I wuz a sort of honorary member of this bar before you wuz much more'n born, sir. I know what's what and—"

"Of course you do, Pete," interrupted the official, cordially, "and I'll back you up—sight unseen. Now you've got some sort of a plan in your head, I know. Let's hear it."

The old man nodded, glanced at the clock, and, picking up his hat from the floor, jerked his thumb toward the door.

"We ain't got much time for talkin', Mr. Brundage," he announced. "Get your hat, sir, and I'll explain as we walk over to the court. You remember what Mr. Foster wuz tellin' us about the talesmen on this jury panel? Mad as hops, he claimed they wuz. Well, I wuz thinkin' that—"

He paused suddenly, observing that Zeb Turner, the handy man of the Reeve House, had entered the lobby with an armful of wood, and then continued calmly:

"I wuz thinkin' it was 'bout time for you to look at the stove, Zeb. Keep her goin', but not much more. This room heats up something terrible when it's crowded, and it'll be warm to-night. By the way, boy," he went on, casually, "how many of them jurymen did we feed to-day? Twenty-eight? Sure it warn't more? All right. I'm over to the Court-House, if anybody's lookin' for me. Come along, Mr. Brundage, right under my umbrella—plenty room for two."

As the door closed Zeb deposited his wood on the floor, and, stepping to the window, followed the retreating figures across the village green until they disappeared within the Court-House. Then he turned to his work again with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Shucks!" he muttered to himself. "Anything that makes Mr. Brundage laugh like that must be a zip of a story. Wonder why the old man wouldn't let me hear it. He's gittin' terrible fussy these days. Wantin' to count the jurors! Ain't he got the year's contract for feedin' 'em? What difference would it make if there was twenty-eight or twenty-nine? Lordy, but I wisht I was to court this afternoon!"

That afternoon was no exception to the general rule of Zeb's desires. He always wanted to be in court, for Circuit week

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was the greatest educational opportunity of his life, and he bitterly begrudged every session that he missed. On this particular occasion, however, he gained rather more than he lost, for, with his work completed, he had time before supper to hear Mr. Foster give an account of just what happened in the court to a group of stay-at-homes, among whom, in all innocence, he included Old Man Reeve.

"'Let's take the first twelve men that enter the box'—that was the bait Brundage carelessly threw out to Hixon, Pete, and, Lord! you ought to have seen the little trout rise to it!"

The small but attentive audience gathered in the proprietor's private office smiled appreciatively at Foster's opening words.

"I never knew it to fail with small fry," chuckled Warren. "It always makes 'em suspect that the whole panel is packed with your personal friends."

"Invariably," assented Bigelow. "But, quite aside from that, the proposition was impossible. The idea of a legal tenderfoot like Hixon surrendering his chance of examining a jury! Why, it's the breath of his nostrils! Of course he refused."

"Certainly," responded Foster, "and Tom didn't seem surprised. 'Very well,' he assented, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'You go ahead and question them first. Maybe your examination will do for both of us.' This patronizing indifference evidently worried the youngster a bit, but he soon recovered and began to have the time of his life. Dear me, but he was funny as he swaggered in front of the jury box, and his cross-examination of its occupants was a parody of all the worst methods that have ever been exhibited at this Bar. Somebody had evidently told him that the Resurrectionist was in court, and he played to him as though he was on the stage."

ZEB FOLLOWED THE RETREATING FIGURES ACROSS THE VILLAGE GREEN UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED WITHIN THE COURT-HOUSE

Old Man Reeve, perched on the bookkeeper's stool, ran a finger inside the neck of his collarless shirt as though it were choking him.

"It must have been sickening," he muttered, innocently.

Foster smiled at the enthroned picture of disgust.

"You've survived the sight of a good many puppies in court, Pete," he responded,

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"and there were compensations for this one. Indeed, the fact that he was playing to an empty house as far as Brundage was concerned struck me as supremely comic. Every now and again he'd interrupt his torrent of searching questions by swinging around on his opponent with some such ultimatum as, 'Will you consent that this talesman be excused, sir, or shall I challenge him?' and Tom would either answer, 'I beg your pardon!' as though suddenly awakened, or murmur 'Consent!' without even looking up.

"After a while, however, Kinsley began to take an interest in the game, and when Hixon next attempted to retire a juror by consent the Judge nearly bowled him off his feet. 'Since when have you usurped the functions of this Court, young gentleman?' he snarled. 'I beg to remind you that I have a little something to say as to whether or not jurors shall be excused. Challenge for cause overruled! Proceed, sir, if you please.'

"Well, you know what happens to the novice after that kind of dressing down, and of course the more humble and apologetic Hixon became, the more Kinsley kicked and bullied him, with the result that by the time he began questioning the talesmen on their belief in superstitions he was in a running fight with his Honor all the time. In vain he explained to the Court that he didn't want superstitious men on the jury because they would believe in haunted houses and take anything that his client might have said about her neighbor's house entirely too seriously.

"Kinsley utterly refused to consider this as a disqualification for any juryman, but when Hixon began to empty the box by resorting to his peremptory challenges the talesmen evidently saw the point, for they all took to exaggerating their beliefs in order to effect their escape. Then the Hon. Jacob got after them with a big stick, and the way he ridiculed, browbeat, and walloped all the superstition out of them was something to see. In fact, by the time he got through, every man Jack of 'em seemed eager to serve on the case, and Hixon sat down with his six precious challenges all used up and his nerves and temper equally exhausted."

"This all sounds familiar to me," interposed Warren, "but not particularly entertaining, even for a wet afternoon. Eh, Pete?"

"Well, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds," continued Foster. "Zeb, my boy, is that the cracker-box you're sitting on? Well, let's look inside it. I'm hungry as a bear. Come over here if you want to sit down—plenty of room on this bench. Floor good enough for you? All right. Say, Pete, you've seen Tom Brundage try enough cases to know his 'sleepy method,' haven't you? Acts as though he was only half awake, you know, and was missing most of the points in the case? Well, he outdid himself this afternoon, and if I hadn't known him like a book I'd have sworn that he really *was* asleep while Kinsley and Hixon were thrashing out the superstition question. Anyway, when his turn to examine the jury arrived he began going over the same old ground. For a while his inquiries were addressed to the jury as a whole, asking if any of them believed in this or that or the other superstition. By Jove, I don't know where he ever heard of all the queer notions and beliefs he referred to, but some of them were so funny that he had us all convulsed with laughter half the time. It was not all mere fooling, however, for twice he drew out such strange admissions from a talesman that Kinsley was induced to excuse the candidate, and four times he emptied a seat in the box, without the Judge's help, by resorting to a peremptory challenge. Then somebody in the crowd handed me a bit of paper with a big 3 scrawled on it and asked me to pass it up to Brundage. I did so, but, after glancing at it, he continued along the same line as before, with the result that the Court ruled steadily against him and he was finally forced to use one of his two remaining challenges.

"Well, as you can imagine, his Honor had been growing pretty restive during this performance, but he didn't dare ride rough-shod over a well-known member of the bar like Brundage, and it wasn't until Tom started to re-examine juror No. 6 for about the sixth time that the storm broke. This gentleman happened to be one of the two that Kinsley had sent to the right-about in the morning, and he had evidently acquired a wholesome respect for our friend on the bench, and wasn't looking for trouble with him. Anyway, he wouldn't admit to a superstitious prejudice of any sort. But Brundage kept hammering away at him, and finally asked him if he believed there could be such a thing as a haunted house. Then his Honor intervened.

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"'Now that will do, Counselor!' he snapped. 'This man says he has no superstitions. That includes haunted houses and everything else. Don't waste any more time. The juror is perfectly qualified.'

"'I think not, your Honor,' Brundage retorted, calmly. 'Suppose you were told,' he continued, addressing the talesman, 'suppose you were told that ghosts had been seen in the bedrooms of this house and that queer, unearthly whispers were audible in it at nights—do you mean to tell me that such stories would have no effect upon your mind?'

"'Absolutely none,'" says the fellow.

"'Do you mean to tell the Court—' persisted Brundage, but before he could finish the question Kinsley fell upon him tooth and nail.

"'Stop this, Counselor!' he shouted, 'or I'll commit you for contempt! I overrule your challenge and forbid you to proceed.'

"By George, boys, you could have heard a pin drop in the Court at that minute, but Brundage never turned a hair.

"'Your Honor has not yet heard the grounds of my challenge,' he responded, coolly, 'and I'm sure you will not overrule it when you do. I admit that this gentleman is superstition-proof, but that is precisely the reason I question his fitness for this case. If, as he says, he has no patience with superstition and does not understand how any sensible person could believe such tales, is it possible that he can give my client a fair hearing in this case? No, sir; he will say that those slanderous stories of her house being haunted could not have done her any harm. He will insist that nobody could believe them, and that her property must have remained untenanted for some very different reason.'

"By Jove, you ought to have seen the Judge's face at that complete change in the attack. He was purple with wrath and he nearly split his gavel when the audience broke into a laugh. But, though he fairly pelted the unfortunate juror with questions to prove him qualified, the man evidently grasped the situation and took a malicious pleasure in thwarting him. Anyway, he not only stuck to his claim that nobody but a fool would believe in a haunted house, but actually volunteered the information that you'd better leave a house vacant than rent it to a fool. That finished him, of course, and he was no sooner excused than Brundage took his last peremptory challenge. By actual count, boys, that was the seventeenth time the jury box had been depleted. Well, the clerk stuck his hand into the wheel to draw the name of another talesman, but he scraped and clawed around without producing anything. Then he looked nervously over at the bench, and—"

"I bet I know what had happened!" interrupted Zeb Turner, half starting from his seat on the floor. "That thar paper with the 3 on it meant that there was only three jurors left, and he'd used 'em up, so there warn't another name left in the wheel!"

Foster nodded.

"You win, Zeb," he answered over his shoulder. "The whole panel was exhausted."

"With the jury still one man short," laughed Warren. "Kinsley must have been in a pleasant frame of mind!"

"I've seen him in a happier mood," asserted Foster. "Hixon wanted to go on with eleven jurors, but Corning wouldn't hear of it. So they live to fight another day."

"You mean their case is back on the calendar?"

"Yes, but at the foot of it. It *was* a short cause, after all, you see, and Gedney keeps the right of way."

Warren tossed his hat toward the ceiling and, catching it, chuckled to himself.

"I think Brundage ought to have the thanks of the Bar," he whispered to his neighbor.

"Look out!" admonished his companion, with a glance at Zeb. "Start a story like that, and it'll be all over the shop before you know it. Well, Pete," he continued, "I suppose you're feeling pretty sore about missing an event of this kind. How did you let it happen?"

The Old Man shook his head, but before he could answer Zeb Turner interposed.

"Say, Mr. Reeve," he drawled, "I wondered why in thunder you wanted to know just how many jurymen wuz to dinner this noon. But, gosh! I'd never guessed you wuz keepin' tabs on 'em for Mr. Brundage! Wuz it you that passed the paper up to him in court, sir?"

The fourth tale, entitled "In Open Court," will appear in The Outlook of March 22

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

MARCH—THE BATTLEFIELD

MARCH is the battlefield of the new year. Advancing against its southern frontier, spring assaults winter's defenses and gradually forces back the hosts of cold in spite of their vigorous sallies. The winds, like cavalry, charge back and forth across the land, and there is little peace until the turbulent campaign is finished.

Weary of the silence and imprisonment of winter, the naturalist ventures forth all too soon to welcome the victor. Ice broken and honeycombed, nude and dripping trees, muddy snowbanks lurking in every shaded hollow and streaking the gray hills, whence torrents rush down into brimming waterways, constitute the landscape and suggest the rude youth of the world. Does not the rhythm of the year recall in some sort the development of the earth from chaos to perfection, and its faithful descent into a wintry eternity, as foretold by astronomers? This simile is strengthened by the annual procession of life, in which the simplest and the most ancient forms take the lead. The first revival of plant life, for example, is in the water, where small algæ awaken and multiply with amazing rapidity the moment the ice lets go, and so furnish food for the animal life there which will presently be astir and in haste to grow. On land the earliest blossoms of March are those of the evergreen trees.

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These conifers represent the most ancient lineage of our forests; moreover, they are large, and, by reason of their minute leaves and thick bark, have suffered less interruption than have the deciduous trees; but some of these latter, themselves of very ancient stock, bloom almost as forwardly, giving us the "pussies" of willow, alder, and birch—each a bouquet of tiny, colorless, odorless blossoms. All these are wind-fertilized—no doubt there is wind enough!—and have no need to wait until the insects come, nor call to display any arts of attraction. There are, to be sure, a few gnats and beetles about, but these may busy themselves with the skunk-cabbages, now glowing like great emeralds in every swamp. We must wait for sunnier days to bring the gayer flowers and their bright-winged devotees. March is as colorless as was the palæozoic world in general.

But it will not do to push this parallel too far. As the month progresses beyond its dreaded ides, things grow better underfoot and overhead; gentle rains melt the spicules of frost in the ground, and the rootlets stretch their cramped fibrils into the loosened soil, and begin to drink its nourishing, winter-made juices, and to force them up the channels of stem and trunk to the starved cells in wood and bud. Picking our way through the wet woods and splashing across ridges of saturated snow, we catch the alluring fragrance of boiling maple sap and listen sympathetically to the hammering and squealing of sap-suckers drinking (as also do the red squirrels) the sugary syrup from their own taps, while little white-and-black woodpeckers drum on every dry stick, just for fun. The leaf buds are slow to unpack their twisted bundles, but the stimulus of the rising sap reddens all the twigs and opens the maple blossoms, so that by the close of the month the edges of the woods glow as if in a crimson haze.

All the hollows are noisy with the croak and clatter of frogs—shrill peepers, clicking cricket-frogs, and hoarser species in the big marshes, each eager for its mate; and through all the chorus pierces the mellow whistle of the toad. Robins appear upon the lawn, searching for the earthworms now squirming upward from their deep hibernacula; and on some calm morning the south wind brings to our nostrils a balmy odor and our ears are saluted with the delicious greeting of the bluebird. "No mortal," says Thoreau, "is alert enough to be present at the first dawn of spring;" but we feel sure its advent is near when we listen to the bluebird's "wandering voice" or the jubilant *conquerée* of the blackbirds. No more do thin platoons of pigeons drift waveringly athwart the cold sky, one after the other, for days together, but wedges of wild geese still wing their way swiftly northward, and ducks drop down upon every pond, where, before the month is out, the pickerels will be gliding, two by two, over the grassy shallows near shore, and leaving their eggs.

Then the rabbits, thin and eager, go scurrying about the matted fields, "mad as March hares;" a woodchuck here and there staggers out of its hole to blink weakly on a sunny hillside; minks and weasels race up and down the streams, fearless of traps, for their ragged pelts are no longer valuable; and the skunk and raccoon lie in wait among the rushes to seize a frog or mouse, or perchance to steal upon some duck dozing after its long flight. Surely spring is just creeping over the crest of the southern hills!

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LITTLE FOLKS AT CHURCH

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE AUSTIN

WITHIN the past few months I have had the privilege of looking over the answers sent by men and women—most of them fathers and mothers—living in many sections of the United States, in response to an examination paper containing among other questions this question: "Should church-going on the part of children be compulsory or voluntary?" In almost every case the answer was, "It should be voluntary." In practically all instances the reason given was, "Worship, like love, is at its best only when it is a free-will offering."

It was not a surprise to read again and again, in longer or in shorter form, such an answer, based upon such a reason. The religious liberty of American children of the present day is perhaps the most salient fact of their lives. Without doubt, the giving to them of this liberty is the most remarkable fact in the lives of their elders. No grown people were ever at any time willingly allowed to exercise such freedom in matters pertaining to religion as are the children of our Nation at the present time. Not only is church-going not compulsory; religion itself is voluntary.

A short while ago a little girl friend of mine was showing me her birthday gifts. Among them was a Bible. It was a beautiful book, bound in soft crimson leather, the child's name stamped on it in gold.

"And who gave you this?" I asked.

"Father," the little girl replied. "See what he has written in it," she added, when the shining letters on the cover had been duly appreciated.

I turned to the fly-leaf and read this:

"To my daughter on her eighth birthday from her father.

"'I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball—
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.'"

"Isn't it lovely?" questioned the child, who had stood by, waiting, while I read.

"Yes," I agreed, "very lovely, and very new."

Her mother, who was listening, smiled slowly. "My father gave me a Bible on my birthday, when I was seven"—she began.

"Oh, mother," interrupted her little girl, "what did grandfather write in it?"

"Go and look," her mother said. "You will find it on the table by my bed."

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The child eagerly ran out of the room. In a few moments she returned, the Bible of her mother's childhood in her hands. It also was a beautiful book; bound too in crimson leather, and with the name of its owner stamped on it in gold. And on the fly-leaf was written,

"To my daughter, on her seventh birthday, from her father."

Beneath this, however, was inscribed no modern poetry, but

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

The little girl read it aloud. "It sounds as though you wouldn't be happy if you *didn't* remember, mother," she said, dubiously.

"Well, darling," her mother replied, "and so you wouldn't."

The child took her own Bible and read aloud the verse her father had written. "But, mother, this sounds as though you *would* be happy if you *did* remember."

"And so you will, dear," her mother made reply. "It is the same thing," she added.

"Is it?" the little girl exclaimed in some surprise. "It doesn't *seem* quite the same."

The child did not press the question. She left us, to return her mother's Bible to its wonted place. When she came back, she resumed the exhibiting of her birthday gifts where it had been interrupted. But after she had gone out to play I said to her mother, "Are they *quite* the same—the text in your Bible and the lines in hers?"

"It *is* rather a long way from Solomon to William Blake, isn't it?" she exclaimed. "But I really don't see much difference. The same thing is said, only in the one case it is a command and in the other it is an impelling suggestion."

"Isn't that rather a great deal of difference?" I ventured.

"No, I think not," she said, meditatively. "Of course, I admit," she supplemented, "that the idea of an impelling suggestion appeals to the imagination more strongly than the idea of a command. But that's the *only* difference."

It seems to me that this "only" difference is at the very foundation of the religious training of the children of the present day in our country. We do our best to awaken their imaginations, to put to them suggestions that will impel, to say to them the "same thing" that was said to the children of more austere times about remembering their Creator; but so to say it that they feel, not that they will be unhappy if they do not remember, but that they will be happy if they do. It is the love of God rather than the fear of God that we would have them know.

Is it not, indeed, just because we do so earnestly desire that they should learn this that we leave them so free with regard to what we call their spiritual life? "Read a chapter in your Bible every day, darling," I recently heard a mother say to her little girl on the eve of her first visit away from home without her parents. "In Auntie's house they don't have family prayers, as we do, so you won't hear a chapter read every day as you do at home."

"What chapters shall I read, mamma?" the child asked.

"Any you choose, dear," the mother replied.

"And when in the day?" was the next question. "Morning or night?"

"Just as you like, dearest," the mother answered.

But there is a religious liberty beyond this. To no one in America is it so readily, so sympathetically, given as to a child. We are all familiar with the difficulties which attend a grown person, even in America, whose convictions necessitate a change of religious denomination. Such a situation almost invariably means distress to the family, and to the relinquished church of the person the form of whose faith has altered. In few other matters is so small a measure of liberty understandingly granted a grown person, even in America. But when a child would turn from one form of belief to another, how differently the circumstance is regarded!

One Sunday, not long ago, visiting an Episcopal Sunday-school, I saw in one of the primary classes a little girl whose parents, as I was aware, were mem-

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bers of the Baptist Church. "Is she a guest?" I asked her teacher.

"Oh, no," she replied; "she is a regular member of the Sunday-school; she comes every Sunday. She was christened at Easter; I am her godmother."

"But don't her father and mother belong to the Baptist Church?" I questioned.

"Yes," said the child's Sunday-school teacher. "But she came to church one Sunday with some new playmates of hers, whose parents are Episcopalians, to see a baby christened. Then her little friends told her how they had all been christened, as babies; and when she found that she hadn't been, she wanted to be. So her father and mother let her, and she comes to Sunday-school here."

"Where does she go to church?" I found myself inquiring.

"To the Baptist Church, with her father and mother," was the reply. "She asked them to let her come to Sunday-school here; but it never occurred to her to think of going to church excepting with them."

Somewhat later I happened to meet the child's mother. It was not long before she spoke to me concerning her little girl's membership in the Episcopal Sunday-school. "What were her father and I to do?" the mother said. "We didn't feel justified in standing in her way. She wanted to be christened; it seemed to mean something real to her—" She broke off. "What *were* we to do?" she repeated. "It would be a dreadful thing to check a child's aspiration toward God! Of course she is only a little girl, and she wanted to be like the others. Her father and I thought of that, naturally. But—" Again she stopped. "One can never tell," she went on, "what is in the mind of a child, nor what may be happening to its spirit. Samuel was a very little child when God spoke to him," she concluded, simply.

Quite as far as that mother has another mother of my acquaintance let her little girl go along the way of religious freedom. One day I went with her and the child to an Italian jewelry shop. Among the things there was a rosary of coral and silver. The little girl, attracted by its glitter and color, seized it and slipped it over her head. "Look, mother," she said, "see this lovely necklace!"

Her mother gently took it from her. "It isn't a necklace," she explained; "it is called a rosary. You mustn't play with it; because it is something some people use to say their prayers with."

The child's mother is of Scotch birth and New England upbringing. The little girl has been accustomed to a form of religion and to an attitude toward the things of religion that are beautiful, but austerely beautiful. She is an imaginative child; and she caught eagerly at the poetical element thus, for the first time, associated with prayer. "Tell me how!" she begged.

When next I was in the little girl's bedroom, I saw the coral and silver rosary hanging on one of the head-posts of her bed. "Yes, my dear," her mother explained to me, "I got the rosary for her. She wanted it—'to say my prayers with,' she said; so I got it. After all, the important thing is that she says her prayers."

Among my treasures I have a rosary, brought to me from the Holy Land. I have had it for a long time, and it has hung on the frame of a photograph of Bellini's lovely Madonna. This little girl has always liked that picture, and she has often spoken to me about it. But she had never mentioned the rosary, which not only is made of dark wood, but is darker still with its centuries of age. One day after the rosary of pink coral and bright silver had been given her she came to see me. Passing through the room where the Madonna is, she stopped to look at it. At once she exclaimed, "*You* have a rosary!"

"Yes," I said; "it came from the Holy Land." I took it down, and put it into her hands. "It has been in Bethlehem," I went on, "and in Jerusalem. It is very old; it belonged to a saint—like Saint Francis, who was such friends with the birds, you remember."

"I suppose the saint used it to say his prayers with?" the little girl observed. Then, the question evidently occurring to her for the first time, she asked, eagerly, "What prayers did he say, do you think?"

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When I had in some part replied, I said, this question indeed occurring to me for the first time, "What prayers do you say?"

"Oh," she replied instantly, "I say 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay me,' and 'God bless' all the different ones at home, and in other places, that I know. I say all that; and it takes all the beads. So I say 'The Lord is my Shepherd' last, for the cross." She was silent for a moment, but I said nothing, and she went on. "I know 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels.' I might say them sometimes instead, mightn't I?"

I told this to one of my friends who is a devout Roman Catholic. "It shows," she said, "what the rosary can do for religion."

But it seemed to me that it showed rather what religion could do for the rosary. Had the child's mother, Scotch by birth, New England by breeding, not been a truly religious woman she would not have bade her little girl handle with reverence the emblem of a faith so unlike her own; she would not have said, "Don't play with it." As for the small girl, had she never learned to "say prayers," she would not have desired the rosary to say them "with." And it was not the silver cross hanging on her rosary that influenced her to "say last" for it the best psalm and "spiritual song" she knew; it was the understanding she had been given by careful teaching of the meaning of that symbol. Above all, had the little girl, after being taught to pray, not been left free to pray as her childish heart inclined, that rosary would scarcely have found a place on the head-post of her small bed.

It may be for the very reason that the children are not compelled to think and to feel in the things of religion as their parents do that fathers and mothers in America so frankly tell their boys and girls exactly what they do think and just how they do feel. The children may not ever understand the religious experiences through which their parents are passing, but they often know what those experiences are. Moreover, they sometimes partake of them.

Among my child friends there is a little girl, an only child, whose father died not a great while ago. The little girl had always had a share in the joys of her parents. It surprised no one who knew the family that the mother in her grief turned to the child for comfort; and that together they bore their great bereavement. Indeed, so completely did this occur that the little girl for a time hardly saw any one excepting her mother and her governess. After a suitable interval, an old friend of the family approached the mother on the subject. "Your little girl is only eight years old," she said, gently. "Oughtn't she perhaps to go to see her playmates, and have them come to see her, again, now?"

The mother saw the wisdom of the suggestion. The child continued to spend much of her time with her mother, but she gradually resumed her former childish occupations. She had always been a gregarious little girl; once more her nursery was a merry, even a hilarious, place.

One Saturday a short time ago she was among the six small guests invited to the birthday luncheon of another little girl friend of mine. Along with several other grown-ups I had been invited to come and lend a hand at this festivity. I arrived just as the children were going into the dining-room, where the table set forth for their especial use, and bright with the light of the seven candles on the cake, safely placed in the center, awaited them. They climbed into their chairs, and then all seven of them paused. "Mother," said the little girl of the house, "who shall say grace?"

"*I* can!"

"Let *me!*"

"I *always* do at home!"

These and other exclamations were made before the mother could reply. When she was able to get a hearing, she suggested, "I think each one of you might, since you all can and would like to."

"You say it first," said one of the children to her little hostess, "because it is your birthday."

At a nod from her mother, the little girl said the Selkirk grace:

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"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit."

Then another small girl said her grace, which was Herrick's:

"Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all.
Amen."

The next little girl said Stevenson's:

"It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
And little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place."

The succeeding little guests said the dear and familiar "blessing" of so many children:

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us truly thankful."

My little friend into whose life so grievous a sorrow had come was the last to say her grace. It was the poem of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody entitled "Before Meat:"

"Hunger of the world,
When we ask a grace
Be remembered here with us,
By the vacant place.
Thirst with naught to drink,
Sorrow more than mine,
May God some day make you laugh,
With water turned to wine!"

There was a silence when she finished, among the children as well as among the grown persons present. "I don't *quite* understand what your grace means," the little girl of the house said at last to her small guest.

"It means that I still have my mamma, and she still has me," replied the child. "Some people haven't anybody. It means that; and it means we ask God to let them have Him. My mamma told me, when she taught it to me to say instead of the grace I used to say when we had my papa."

The little girl explained with the simple seriousness and sweetness so characteristic of the answers children make to questions asked them regarding things in any degree mystical. The other small girls listened as sweetly and as seriously. Then, with one accord, they returned to the gay delights of the occasion. They were a laughing, prattling, eagerly happy little party, and of them all not one was more blithe than the little girl who had said grace last.

The child's intimate companionship with her mother in the sorrow which was her sorrow too had not taken from her the ability for participation in childish happiness, also hers by right. Was not this because the companionship was of so deep a nature? The mother, in letting her little girl share her grief, let her share too the knowledge of the source to which she looked for consolation. Above all, she not only told her of heavier sorrows; she told her how those greater griefs might be lightened. Children in America enter into so many of the things of their parents' lives, is it not good that they are given their parts even in those spiritual things that are most near and sacred?

I have among my friends a little boy whose father finds God most surely in the operation of natural law. Indeed, he had often both shocked and distressed certain of his neighbors by declaring it to be his belief that nowhere else could God be found. "His poor wife!" they were wont to exclaim; "what must she think of such opinions?" And later, when the little boy was born, "That unfortunate baby!" they sighed; "how will his mother teach him religion when his father has these strange ideas?" That the wife seemed untroubled by the views of her husband, and that the baby, as he grew into little boyhood, appeared very similar to other children as far as prayers and Bible stories and even attendance at church were concerned did not reassure the disturbed neighbors. For the child's father continued to express—if possible more decidedly—his disquieting convictions. "Evidently, though," said one neighbor, "he doesn't put such thoughts into the head of his child."

Apparently he did not. I knew the small boy rather intimately, and I was aware that his father, after the custom of most American parents, took the child into his confidence with regard to many other matters. The little boy was well acquainted with his father's political belief, for example. I had had early evidence of this. But it was not

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until a much later time, and then indirectly, that I saw that the little boy was possessed too of a knowledge of his father's religious faith.

I was ill in a hospital a year or two ago, and the little boy came with his mother to see me. A clergyman happened to call at the same time. It was Sunday, and the clergyman suggested to my small friend that he say a psalm or a hymn for me. "My new one, that daddy has just taught me?" the child inquired, turning to his mother.

She smiled at him. "Yes, dearest," she said, gently.

The little boy came and stood beside my bed, and, in a voice that betokened a love and understanding of every line, repeated Mrs. Browning's lovely poem:

"They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down, by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid,
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
'Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?'"

Beyond question the clergyman had expected a less unusual selection than this; but he smiled very kindly at the little boy as he said the beautiful words. At the conclusion he merely said, "You have a good father, my boy."

"Do you like my new hymn?" the child asked me.

"Yes," I replied. "Did your father tell you what it means?" I added, suddenly curious.

"No," said my small friend; "I didn't ask him. You see," he supplemented, "it tells *itself* what it means!"

The things of religion so often to the children tell themselves what they mean! Only the other day I heard a little girl recounting to her young uncle, learned in the higher criticism, the story of the creation. "Just only *six days* it took God to make *everything*," she said; "think of that!"

"My dear child," remonstrated her uncle, "*that* isn't the point at all—the *amount* of time it required! As a matter of fact, it took thousands of years to make the world. The word 'day,' in that connection, means a certain period of time, not twenty-four hours."

"Oh!" cried the little girl in disappointment; "that takes the wonderfulness out of it!"

"Not at all," protested her young uncle. "And, supposing it did, can you not see that the world could not have been made in six of *our* days?"

"Why," said the child in surprise, "I should think it could have been!"

"For what reason?" her uncle asked, in equal amazement.

"Because God was doing it!" the child exclaimed.

Her uncle did not at once reply. When he did, it was to say, "You are right about *that*, my dear."

Sometimes it happens that a child finds in our careful explanation of the meaning of a religious belief or practice a different or a further significance than we have indicated. I once had an especially striking experience of this kind.

I was visiting a family in which there were several children, cared for by a nurse of the old-fashioned, old-world type. She was a woman well beyond middle age, and of a frank and simple piety. There was hardly a circumstance of daily life for which she was not ready with an accustomed ejaculatory prayer or thanksgiving. One day I chanced to speak to her of a mutual friend, long dead. "God rest her soul!" said the old nurse, in a low tone.

"Why did she say that?" the little four-year-old girl of the house asked me. "I never heard her say that before."

"It is a prayer that some persons always say when speaking of any one who is dead; especially any one they knew and loved," I explained.

Later in the day, turning over a portfolio

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of photographs with the little girl, I took up a picture of a fine, faithful-eyed dog. "Whose dog is this?" I asked. "What a good one he is!"

"He was ours," replied the child, "and he was very good; we liked him. But he is dead now—" She paused, as if struck by a sudden remembrance. Then, "God rest his soul!" she sighed softly.

Most of the answers I read in response to the question, "Should church-going on the part of children be compulsory or voluntary?" did not end with the brief statement that it should be voluntary, and the reason why; a considerable number of them went on to say: "The children should of course be inspired and encouraged to go. They should be taught that it is a privilege. Their Sunday-school teachers and their minister, as well as their parents, can help to make them wish to go."

Certainly their Sunday-school teachers and ministers can, and do. The answers I have quoted took for granted the attendance of children at Sunday-school. Not one of them suggested that this was a matter admitting of free choice on the part of the children. "But it isn't," declared an experienced Sunday-school teacher who is a friend of mine, when I said this to her. "Going to Sunday-school isn't worship; it is learning whom to worship and how. Naturally, children go, just as they go to week-day school, whether they like to or not; I must grant," she added by way of amendment, "that they usually do like to go."

Our Sunday-schools have become more and more like our week-day schools. The boys and girls are taught in them whom to worship and how, but they are taught very much after the manner that, in the week-day schools, they are instructed concerning secular things. That custom, belonging to a time not so far in the past but that many of us remember it, of consigning the "infant class" of the Sunday-school to any amiable young girl in the parish who could promise to be reasonably regular in meeting it, does not obtain at the present day. Sunday-school teachers are trained, and trained with increasing care and thoroughness, for their task. Readiness to teach is no longer a sufficient credential. The amiable young girl must now not only be willing to teach, she must also be willing to learn how to teach. In the earlier time practically any well-disposed young man of the congregation who would consent to take charge of a class of boys was eagerly allotted that class without further parley. This too is not now the case. The young man, before beginning to teach the boys, is obliged to prepare himself somewhat specifically for such work. In my own parish the boys' classes of the Sunday-school are taught by young men who are students in the Theological School of which my parish church is the chapel. In an adjacent parish the "infant class" is in charge of an accomplished kindergartner. Surely such persons are well qualified to help to inspire and to encourage the children to regard church-going as a privilege, and to make them wish to go.

And the minister! I am inclined to think that the minister helps more than any one else, except the father and mother, to give the children this inspiration, this encouragement. Children go to church now when church-going is voluntary, quite as much as they went when it was compulsory. They learn very early to wish to go; they see with small difficulty that it is a privilege. Their Sunday-school teachers might help them, even their parents might help them, but, unless the minister helped them, would this be so?

There are so many ways in which the minister does his part in this matter of the child's relation to the church, and to those things for which the church stands. They are happily familiar to us through our child friends: the "children's service" at Christmas and at Easter; the "talks to children" on certain Sundays of the year. These are some of them. And there are other, more individual, more intimate ways.

The other day a little girl who is a friend of mine asked me to make out a list of books likely to be found in the "children's room" of the near-by public library that I thought she would enjoy reading. On the list I put "The Little Lame Prince," the charming story by Dinah Mulock. Having

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completed the list, I read it aloud to the little girl. When I reached Miss Mulock's book, she interrupted me. "'The Little Lame Prince,' did you say? Is that in the library? I thought it was in the Bible."

"The Bible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," the child said, in some surprise; "don't you remember? He was Jonathan's little boy—Jonathan, that was David's friend—David, that killed the giant, you know."

I at once investigated. The little girl was quite correct. "Who told you about him?" I inquired.

"Our minister," she replied. "He read it to me and some of the others."

This, too, a bit later, I investigated. I found that the minister had not read the story as it is written in the Bible, but a version of it written by himself especially for this purpose and entitled "The Little Lame Prince."

At church, as elsewhere, the children of our Nation are quick to observe, and to make their own, opportunities for doing as the grown-ups do. When occasion arises, they slip with cheerful and confiding ease into the places of their elders.

One Sunday, last summer, I chanced to attend a church in a little seaside village. When the moment arrived for taking up the collection, no one went forward to attend to that duty. I was told afterward that the man who always did it was most unprecedentedly absent. There were a number of other men in the rather large congregation—but none of them stirred as the clergyman stood waiting after having read several offertory sentences. I understood afterward that they "felt bashful," not being used to taking up the collection. The clergyman hesitated for a moment, and then read another offertory sentence. As he finished, a little boy not more than nine years old stepped out of a back pew, where he was sitting with his mother, and, going up to the clergyman, held out his hand for the plate. The clergyman gravely gave it to him, and the child, without the slightest sign of shyness, went about the church collecting the offerings of the congregation. This being done, he, with equal unself-consciousness, gave the plate again to the clergyman and returned to his seat beside his mother.

"Did you tell him to do it?" I inquired of the mother, later.

"Oh, no," she answered; "he asked me if he might. He said he knew how, he saw it done every Sunday, and he was sure the minister would let him."

American children of the present day are surer than the children of any other nation have ever been that their fathers and their mothers and their ministers will allow them liberty to do in church, as well as with respect to going to church, such things as they know how to do and eagerly wish to do. In our National love and reverence for childhood we willingly give the children the great gift that we give reluctantly, or not at all, to grown people—the liberty to worship God as they choose.

THE WONDER-WORKER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Who is the worker, the worker of wonder,
  Abroad in the blue and the gold of the morn?
The heart o' me whispers that over and under
  Each moment are rapture and ecstasy born.

There's a glint in the rain that goes sweeping and striding
  The levels and crests, and it lilts as it goes;
There's a hint in the blossoms half peering, half hiding,
  Of the tint that shall flush on the leaf of the rose.

But yesterday all earth seemed barren and sterile;
  And, save for the wind, Nature's voices were mute;
Now every wide slope waves in undulant beryl,
  And forest and rill have the lips of a flute!

Who is the worker, the worker of wonder,
  The touch of whose hand has enkindled the sod,
Brought life out of death, cleft the silence asunder?—
  The spirit of Spring, yea, the spirit of God!

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LIFE STORIES OF THE OTHER HALF

BY JACOB A. RIIS

AUTHOR OF "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES"

THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

THE PROBLEM OF THE WIDOW SALVINI

THE mere mention of the widow Salvini always brings before me that other widow who came to our settlement when her rascal husband was dead after beating her black and blue through a lifetime in Poverty Gap, during which he did his best to make ruffians of the boys and worse of the girls by driving them out into the street to earn money to buy him rum whenever he was not on the Island, which, happily, he was most of the time. I know I had a hand in sending him there nineteen times, more shame to the judge whom I finally had to threaten with public arraignment and the certainty of being made an accessory to wife-murder unless he found a way of keeping him there. He did then, and it was during his long term that the fellow died. What I started to say was that, when all was over and he out of the way, his widow came in and wanted our advice as to whether she ought to wear mourning earrings in his memory. Without rhyme or reason the two are associated in my mind, for they were as different as could be. The widow of Poverty Gap was Irish and married to a brute. Mrs. Salvini was an Italian; her husband was a hard-working fellow who had the misfortune to be killed on the railway. The point of contact is in the earrings. The widow Salvini did wear mourning earrings, a little piece of crape draped over the gold bangles of her care-free girlhood, and it was not funny but infinitely touching. It just shows how little things do twist one's mind.

Signor Salvini was one of a gang of trackmen employed by the New York Central Railroad. He was killed when they had been in America two years, and left his wife with two little children and one unborn. There was a Workmen's Compensation Law at the time under which she would have been entitled to recover a substantial sum, some $1,800, upon proof that he was not himself grossly to blame, and suit was brought in her name; but before it came up the Court of Appeals declared the act unconstitutional. The railway offered her a hundred dollars, but Mrs. Salvini's lawyer refused, and the matter took its slow course through the courts. No doubt the company considered that the business had been properly dealt with. It is quite possible that its well-fed and entirely respectable directors went home from the meeting at which counsel made his report with an injured feeling of generosity unappreciated—they were not legally bound to do anything. In which they were right. Signor Salvini in life had belonged to a benefit society of good intentions but poor business ways. It had therefore become defunct at the time of his death. However, its members considered their moral obligations and pitied the widow. They were all poor workingmen, but they dug down into their pockets and raised two hundred dollars for the stricken family. When the undertaker and the cemetery and the other civilizing agencies that take toll of our dead were paid, there was left twenty dollars for the widow to begin life with anew.

When that weary autumn day had worn to an end, the lingering traces of the death vigil been removed, the two bare rooms set to rights, and the last pitying neighbor woman gone to her own, the widow sat with her dumb sorrow by her slumbering little ones, and faced the future with which she was to battle alone. Just what advice the directors of the railway that had killed her husband—harsh words, but something may be allowed the bitterness of such grief as hers—would have given then, surrounded by their own sheltered ones at their happy firesides, I don't know. And yet one might venture a safe guess if only some kind spirit could have brought them face to face in that hour. But it is a long way from Madison Avenue to the poor tenements of the Bronx, and even farther—pity our poor limping democracy!—from the penniless Italian widow to her sister in the fashionable apartment. As a household

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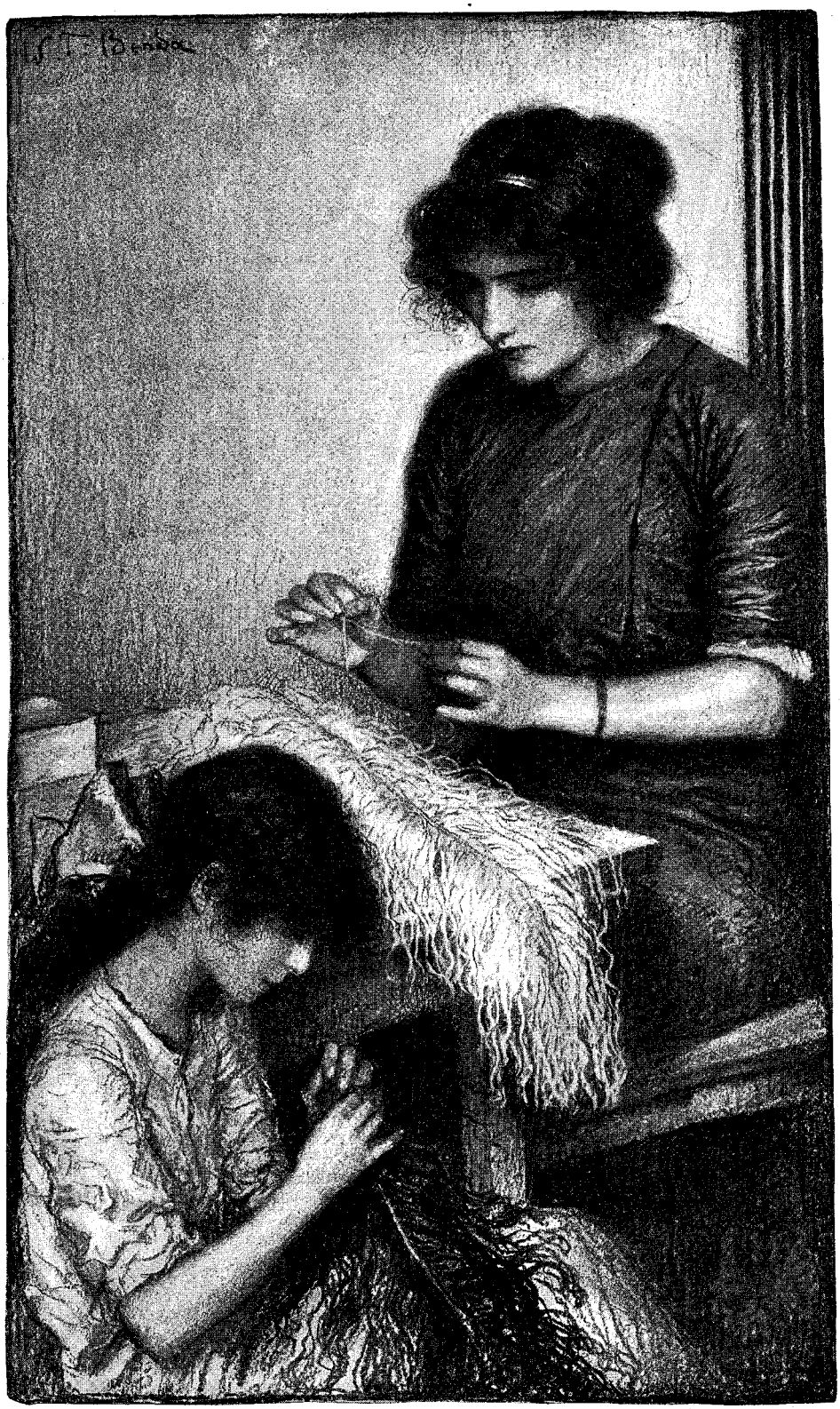

LITTLE LOUISA'S FINGERS WERE NIMBLER THAN HER MOTHER'S.
SHE WAS ONLY EIGHT, BUT SHE SOON LEARNED TO TIE A PLUME

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servant in the latter the widow Salvini would have been a sad misfit even without the children; she would have owned that herself. Her mistress would not have been likely to have more patience with her. And so that door through which the two might have met to their mutual good was closed. There were of course the homes for the little ones, toward the support of which the apartment paid its share in the tax bills. The thought crossed the mind of their mother as she sat there, but at the sight of little Louisa and Vincenzo, the baby, sleeping peacefully side by side, she put it away with a gesture of impatience. It was enough to lose their father; these she would keep. And she crossed herself as she bowed reverently toward the print of the Blessed Virgin, before which burned a devout little taper. Surely, She knew!

It came into her mind as she sat thinking her life out that she had once learned to crochet the fine lace of her native town, and that she knew of a woman in the next block who sold it to the rich Americans. Making sure that the children were sound asleep, she turned down the lamp, threw her shawl over her head, and went to seek her.

The lace woman examined the small sample of her old skill which she had brought, and promised to buy what she made. But she was not herself the seller, and the price she got was very low. She could pay even less. Unaccustomed fingers would not earn much at lace-making; everything depended on being quick at it. But the widow knew nothing else. It was at least work, and she went home to take up the craft of her half-forgotten youth.

But it was one thing to ply her needle with deft young fingers and the songs of sunny Italy in her ears, when the world and its tasks were but play; another to bait grim poverty with so frail a weapon in a New York tenement, with the landlord to pay and hungry children to feed. At the end of the week, when she brought the product of her toil to the lace woman, she received in payment thirty cents. It was all she had made, she was told.

There was still the bigger part of her little hoard; but one more rent day, and that would be gone. Thirty cents a week does not feed three mouths, even with the thousand little makeshifts of poverty that constitute its resources. The good-hearted woman next door found a spare potato or two for the children; the neighbor across the hall, when she had corned beef for dinner, brought her the water it was boiled in for soup. But though neighbors were kind, making lace was business, like running a railway, and its rule was the same—to buy cheap, lives or lace, and sell dear. It developed, moreover, that the industry was sweated down to the last cent. There was a whole string of women between the seller and the widow at the end of the line, who each gave up part of her poor earnings to the one next ahead as her patron, or *padrone*. The widow Salvini reduced the chain of her industrial slavery by one link when she quit making lace.

Upstairs in the tenement was a woman who made willow plumes, that were just then the fashion. To her went the widow with the prayer that she teach her the business, since she must work at home to take care of her children; and the other good-naturedly gave her a seat at her table and showed her the simple grips of her trade. Simple enough they were, but demanding an intensity of application, attention that never flagged, and deft manipulation in making the tiny knots that tie the vanes of the feather together and make the droop of the plume. Faithfully as she strove, the most she could make was three inches in a day. The price paid was eleven cents an inch. Thirty-three cents a day was better than thirty cents a week, but still a long way from the minimum wage we hear about. It was then, when her little margin was all gone and the rent due again, that the baby came. And with it came the charity workers, to back the helpful neighborliness of the tenement that had never failed.

When she was able to be about again, she went back to her task of making plumes. But the work went slower than before. The baby needed attention, and there were the beds to make and the washing for two lodgers, who paid the rent and to whom the charity workers closed their eyes even if they had not directly connived at procuring them. It is thus that the grim facts of poverty set at naught all the benevolent purposes of those who fight it. It had forced upon the widow home-work and the lodger, two curses of the tenement, and now it added the third in child labor. Little Louisa's fingers were nimbler than her mother's. She was only eight, but she learned soon to tie a plume as well as the mother. The charity visitor, who had all the economic theories at her fingers'

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ends and knew their soundness only too well, stood by and saw her do it, and found it neither in her heart nor in her reason to object, for was she not struggling to keep her family together? Five-year-old Vincenzo watched them work.

"Could he make a plume, too?" she asked, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Yes, but not so fast; his wee hands grew tired so soon. And the widow let him show how he could tie the little strange knot. The baby rolled on the floor, crooning and sucking the shears.

In spite of the reinforcement, the work lagged. The widow's eyes were giving out and she grew more tired every day. Four days the three had labored over one plume, and finished it at last. To-morrow she would take it to the factory and receive for it ninety cents. But even this scant wage was threatened. Willow plumes were going out of fashion, and the harassed mother would have to make another start. At what?

The question was answered a month later as it must, not as it should be, when to the three failures of the plan of well-ordered philanthropy was added the fourth: Louisa and Vincenzo were put in the "college," as the Italians call the orphan asylum. The charity workers put them there in order that they might have proper food and enough of it. Willow plumes having become a drug in the market, the widow went into a factory, paying a neighbor in the tenement a few cents a day for taking care of the baby in her absence. As an unskilled hand she was able to earn a bare living. One poor home, that was yet a happy home once, was wiped out. The widow's claim against the railway company still waits upon the court calendar.[1]

Such as it is, it is society's present solution of the problem of the widow Salvini. If any find fault with it, let them not blame the charity workers, for they did what they could; nor the railway company, for its ways are the ways of business, not of philanthropy; nor our highest court, for we are told that impious is the hand that is stretched forth toward that ark of the covenant of our liberties. Let them put the blame where it belongs—upon us all who for thirty years have been silent under the decision which forbade the abolition of industrial slavery in the Bohemian cigar-makers' tenements because it would interfere with "the sacredness and hallowed associations of the people's homes." That was the exact phrase, if memory serves me right. Such was the sowing of our crop of social injustice. Shall a man gather figs from thistles?

KATE'S CHOICE

MY winter lecture travels sometimes bring me to a town not a thousand miles from New York, where my mail awaits me. If it happens then, as it often does, that it is too heavy for me to attack alone—for it is the law that if a man live by the pen he shall pay the penalty in kind—I send for a stenographer, and in response there comes a knock at my door that ushers in a smiling young woman, who answers my inquiries after "Grandma" with the assurance that she is very well indeed, though she is getting older every day. As to her, I can see for myself that she is fine, and I wonder secretly where the young men's eyes are that she is still Miss Murray. Before I leave town, unless the train table is very awkward, I am sure to call on Grandma for a chat—in office hours, for then the old lady will exhibit to me with unreserved pride "the child's" note-book, with the pothooks which neither of us can make out, and tell me what a wonderful girl she is. And I cry out with the old soul in rapture over it all, and go away feeling happily that the world is all right with two such people in it as Kate Murray and her grandmother, though the one is but a plain stenographer and the other an old Irishwoman, but with the faithful, loving heart of her kind. To me there is no better kind anywhere, and Grandma Linton is the type as she is the flower of it. So that you shall agree with me I will tell you their story, her story and the child's, exactly as they have lived it, except that I will not tell you the name of the town they live in or their own true names, because Kate herself does not know all of it, and it is best that she shall not—yet.

When I say at the very outset that Margaret Linton, Kate's mother, was Margaret Linton all her brief sad life, you know the

[1] Since this was sent to the printer the company has settled the widow's claim for $1,000.

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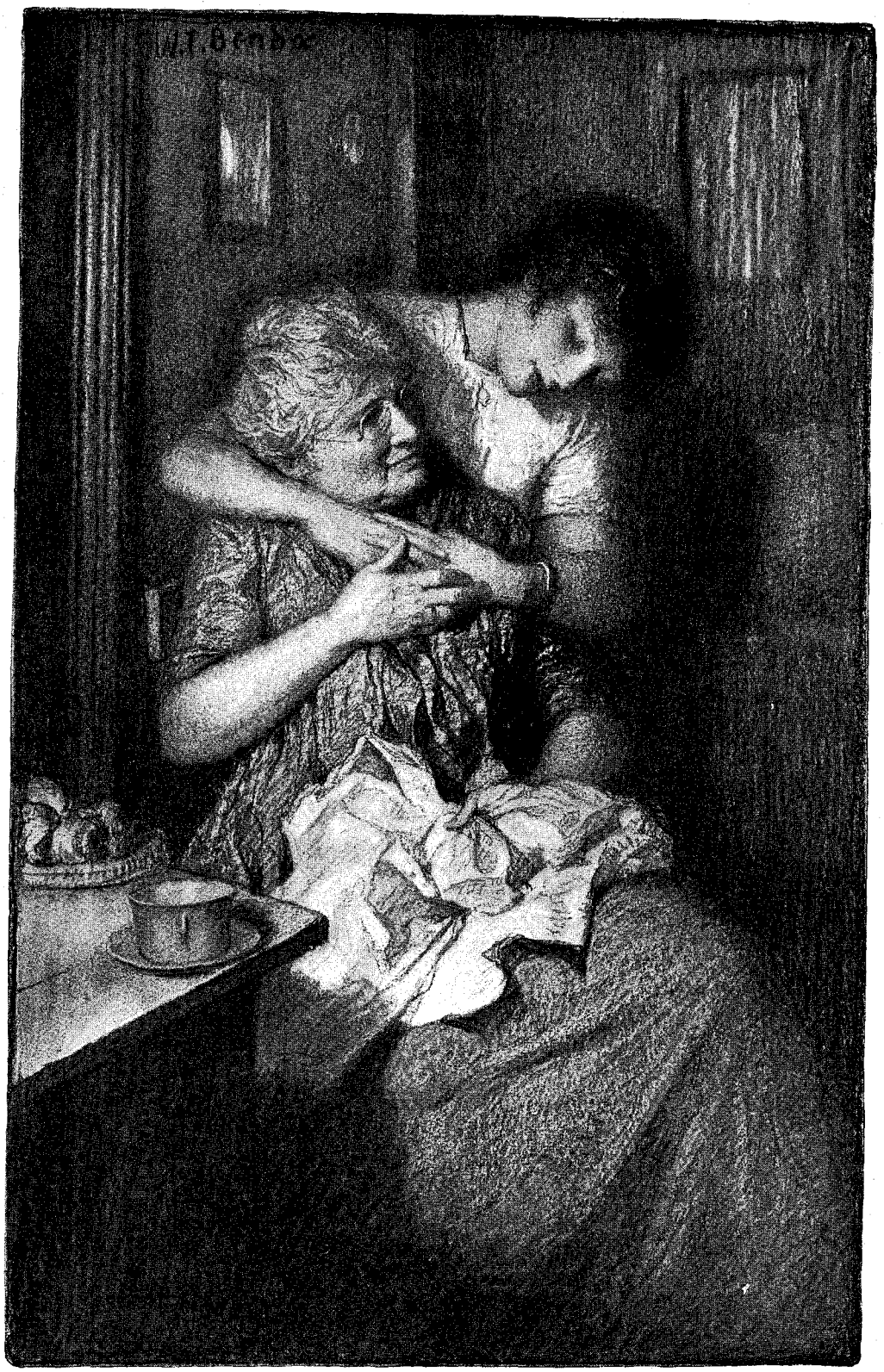

IF KATE SEES IT, SHE STEALS UP BEHIND HER, AND, PUTTING TWO AFFECTIONATE ARMS AROUND HER NECK, WHISPERS IN HER EAR, "I LOVE OO, GRANNIE"

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reason why, and there is no need of saying more. She was a brave, good girl, innocent as she was handsome. At nineteen she was scrubbing offices to save her widowed mother, whom rheumatism had crippled. That was how she met the young man who made love to her, and listened to his false promises, as girls have done since time out of mind to their undoing. She was nineteen when her baby was born. From that day, as long as she lived, no word of reproach fell from her mother's lips. "My Maggie" was more than ever the pride of the widow's heart since the laughter had died in her bonny eyes. It was as if in the fatherless child the strongest of all bonds had come between the two silent women. Poor Margaret closed her eyes with the promise of her mother that she would never forsake her baby, and went to sleep with a tired little sigh.

Kate was three years old when her mother died. It was no time then for Grandma Linton to be bothered with the rheumatics. It was one thing to be a worn old woman with a big strong daughter to do the chores for you, quite another to have this young life crying out to you for food and shelter and care, a winsome elf putting two plump little arms around one's neck and whispering with her mouth close to your ear, "I love oo, Grannie." With the music of the baby voice in her ears the widow girded up her loins and went out scrubbing, cleaning, became janitress of the tenement in which she and Kate occupied a two-room flat—anything so that the thorns should be plucked from the path of the child's blithesome feet. Seven years she strove for her "lamb." When Kate was ten and getting to be a big girl, she faced the fact that she could do it no longer. She was getting too old.

What struggles it cost, knowing her, I can guess; but she brought that sacrifice too. Friends who were good to the poor undertook to pay the rent. She could earn enough to keep them; that she knew. But they soon heard that the two were starving. Poor neighbors were sharing their meals with them, who themselves had scarce enough to go around; and from Kate's school came the report that she was underfed. Her grandmother's haggard face told the same story plainly. There was still the "county" where no one starves, however else she fares, and they tried to make her see that it was her duty to give up and let the child be cared for in an institution. But against that Grandma Linton set her face like flint. She was her Maggie's own, and stay with her she would, as she had promised, as long as she could get around at all. And with that she reached for her staff—her old enemy, the rheumatics, was just then getting in its worst twinges, as if to mock her—and set out to take up her work.

But it was all a vain pretense, and her friends knew it. They were at their wits' end until it occurred to them to lump two families in one. There was another widow, a younger woman with four small children, the youngest a baby, who was an unsolved problem to them. The mother had work, and was able to do it; but she could not be spared from home as things were. They brought the two women together. They liked one another, and took eagerly to the "club" plan. In the compact that was made Mrs. Linton became the housekeeper of the common home, with five children to care for instead of one, while the mother of the young brood was set free to earn the living for the household.

Mother Linton took up her new and congenial task with the whole-hearted devotion with which she had carried out her promise to Maggie. She mothered the family of untaught children and brought them up as her own. They had been running wild, but grew well-mannered and attractive, to her great pride. They soon accepted her as their veritable "grannie," and they call her that to this day.

The years went by and Kate, out of short skirts, got her "papers" at the school and went forth to learn typewriting. She wanted her own home then, and the partnership which had proved so mutually helpful was dissolved. Kate was getting along well, with steady work in an office, when the great crisis came. Grandma became so feeble that their friends once more urged her removal to an institution, where she could be made comfortable, instead of having to make a home for her granddaughter. When, as before, she refused to hear of it, they tried to bring things to a head by refusing any longer to contribute toward the rent. They did it with fear and trembling, but they did not know those two, after all. The day notice had been given Kate called at the office.

She came to thank her friends for their help in the past. It was all right for them to stop now, she said; it was her turn. "Grandma took care of me when I was

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a little girl for years; now I can take care of her. I am earning five dollars a week; that is more than when you first helped us, and I shall soon get a raise. Grannie and I will move into other rooms that are not so high up, for the stairs are hard on her. She shall stay with me while she lives and I will mind her."

She was as good as her word. With her own hands and the aid of every man in the tenement who happened to be about, she moved their belongings to the new home, while the mothers and children cheered her on the way. They live not far from there to-day, year by year more snugly housed, for Kate is earning a stenographer's pay now. Her employers in the office raised her wages when they heard, through her friends, of Kate's plucky choice; but that is another thing Kate Murray does not know. Since then she has set up in business for herself. Grandma, as I told you, is still living, getting younger every day, in her adoration of the young woman who moves about her, light-footed and light-hearted, patting her pillow, smoothing her snowy hair, and showing affection for her in a thousand little ways. Sometimes when the young woman sings the old Irish songs that Grandma herself taught the girl's mother as a child, she looks up with a start, thinking it is her Maggie come back. Then she remembers, and a shadow flits across her kind old face. If Kate sees it, she steals up behind her, and, putting two affectionate arms around her neck, whispers in her ear, "I love oo, Grannie," and the elder woman laughs and lives again in the blessed present. At such times I wonder how much Kate really does know. But she keeps her own counsel.

THE MOTHER'S HEAVEN

THE door-bell of the Nurses' Settlement rang loudly one rainy night, and a Polish Jewess demanded speech with Miss Wald. This was the story she told: She scrubbed halls and stairs in a nice tenement on the East Side. In one of the flats lived the Schaibles, a young couple not long in the country. He was a music teacher. Believing that money was found in the streets of America, they furnished their flat finely on the installment plan, expecting that he would have many pupils, but none came. A baby did instead, and when they were three, what with doctor and nurse, their money went fast. Now it was all gone; the installment collector was about to seize their furniture for failure to pay, and they would lose all. The baby was sick and going to die. It would have to be buried in "the trench," for the father and mother were utterly friendless and penniless.

She told the story dispassionately, as one reciting an every-day event in tenement-house life, until she came to the sick baby. Then her soul was stirred.

"I couldn't take no money out of that house," she said. She gave her day's pay for scrubbing to the poor young couple and came straight to Miss Wald to ask her to send a priest to them. She had little ones herself, and she knew that the mother's heart was grieved because she couldn't meet the baby in her heaven if it died and was buried like a dog.

"'Tain't mine," she added with a little conscious blush at Miss Wald's curious scrutiny; "but it wouldn't be heaven to her without her child, would it?"

They are not Roman Catholics at the Nurses' Settlement, either, as it happens, but they know the way well to the priest's door. Before the night was an hour older a priest was in the home of the young people, and with him came a sister of charity. Save the baby they could not, but keep it from the Potter's Field they could and did. It died, and was buried with all the comforting blessings of the Church, and the poor young parents were no longer friendless. The installment collector, met by Miss Wald in person, ceased to be a terror.

"And to think," said that lady indignantly from behind the coffee urn in the morning, "to think that they don't have a pupil, not a single one!"

The residenters seated at the breakfast table laid down their spoons with a common accord and gazed imploringly at her. They were used to having their heads shampooed for the cause by unskilled hands, to have their dry goods spoiled by tyros at dress-making, and they knew the signs.

"Leading lady," they chorused, "oh, leading lady! *Have* we got to take music lessons?"

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A NORTHERN POET AND A SOUTHERN CAPTAIN

"If Drayton had fought at Agincourt, if Campbell had held a saber at Hohenlinden, if Scott had been in the saddle with Marmion, if Tennyson had charged with the six hundred at Balaklava, each of these poets might possibly have pictured what he saw as faithfully and as fearfully as Henry Howard Brownell has painted the sea fights in which he took part as a combatant."

Such was the whole-hearted tribute which Oliver Wendell Holmes, as M. A. De Wolfe Howe tells us in his delightful introduction to "Lines of Battle,"[1] paid to one of the few war-time poets who saw actual battle service.

Brownell's longest and best poem, as some of our readers will remember, was a description of the bloody battle of Mobile Bay. As Verestchagin painted on the shell-swept deck of the ill-fated Petropavlovsk, so Brownell labored upon the "narrow, slowly forging street of wild and furious life" that was the frigate Hartford.

Brownell was a courageous "fighter and writer" against the Confederate cause, and at the same time a generous and devoted friend of many Southern men. Of particular interest, taken in connection with the opening chapter of Mr. Roosevelt's Autobiography in this issue of The Outlook, is the following poem, written in 1859 to Captain James Bulloch, the man who later secured the Alabama for the South. It is, unfortunately, too long to be published in full.

AT SEA

. . . . . .

How fares it, my friend, with you?—
If I've kept your reckoning aright,
The brave old ship must be due
On our dreary coast, to-night.

The fireside fades before me,
The chamber quiet and warm—
And I see the gleam of her lanterns
In the wild Atlantic storm.

The shroud of snow and of spoondrift
Driving like mad a-lee—
And the huge black hulk that wallows
Deep in the trough of the sea.

. . . . . .

The binnacle slowly swaying,
And nursing the faithful steel—
And the grizzled old quartermaster,
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it—the little cabin—
Plainly as if I were there—
The chart on the old green table,
The book, and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,
A patient and manly form,
To and fro, by the foremast,
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

. . . . . .

Would that to-night, beside him,
I walked the watch on her deck,
Recalling the legends of ocean,
Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling
A hundred leagues a-lee—
Fifty of snow-wreathed hillside,
And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him
By the hearty and true right hand—
I can but murmur—God bless him!
And bring him safe to the land.

And send him the best of weather,
That, ere many suns shall shine,
We may sit by the hearth together,
And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

[1] "Lines of Battle," by Henry Howard Brownell. Selected, with an Introduction, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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BY THE WAY

Montana, according to the United States Brewers' Association Year Book for 1912, holds first place among the States in the production of beer, relatively to other industries. Beer in that State ranks third among thirteen leading industries; in Texas it ranks fourth; in Missouri fifth, in New York seventh, in Illinois thirteenth. New Hampshire is the only State in which the production of beer decreased during the period investigated.

As a slight offset to the increased consumption of beer in America it may be noted that the students of the University of Bonn, Germany, have voted for the erection of milk shops on the University premises. One of the professors, commenting on the diminution of beer-drinking thus indicated, says that "a new future now smiles upon our students."

Jose R. Capablanca, of Cuba, won the American National Chess Tournament two weeks ago. Frank J. Marshall, the United States champion, stood second. Marshall, strangely enough, was not beaten once in the tournament, while Capablanca suffered a defeat at the hands of Charles Jaffe, of New York. Several drawn games, however, brought Marshall's average below that of the winner.

Navigation on the Hudson River has at last been closed by ice. One authority says that not since the year 1810 has the river remained open so late as this season. Last year the ice formed early and stayed late—and so Nature contrives to keep a pretty constant average.

It is a well-known fact that an expensive lens is not needed to produce a perfect photograph; a card with a pinhole in it will duplicate the work of a fine lens. A new application of this principle gives the "caricaturist's camera." Instead of a round hole in the card, slits are made, and these distort the image in a comical way, either horizontally or vertically, after the fashion of distorting mirrors.

Some one, it would seem, should be making money out of the thin-shelled "Louisiana" pecan nuts. These nuts, which are about twice the size of the ordinary pecan nut and half as hard to crack, are sold in one of New York City's largest grocery stores at seventy cents a pound.

The road drag, says "Good Roads," is one of the most efficient machines with which the road-builder has to do, and yet in many sections of the country it is practically unknown. In seasons like the past one, with alternate freezing and thawing, the use of the road drag would have aided very materially in keeping country roads in passable condition.

Good roads are certainly important, but, according to Mr. Hómer Folks in "Progress," the amount to be spent on road improvement in New York State in 1913 would provide facilities for an anti-tuberculosis campaign which might stamp out tuberculosis in that State within a single generation. There are so many things that could be done with $50,000,000!

The English printing firm of Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., is reported to have introduced many advanced plans of social service among its 1,400 employees. They include a savings bank, sick benefit fund, pensions, copartnership through stock purchase, technical education for apprentices, recreation clubs, gymnasium, and vacation camps. A "suggestion box" is provided, and rewards are offered for practicable suggestions to increase efficiency.

St. Francis, says an exchange, quoting Johannes Joergensen's "Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy," was the genius of *naïveté*, as this anecdote testifies: One of the brothers wished to sew a piece of fox-skin inside his tunic as a source of warmth to prevent indigestion. Francis feared it would be hypocrisy, therefore insisted that a piece be sewed on the outside as well!

There may have been a whimsical humor in some of St. Francis's recommendations to his companions, for Dr. Joergensen tells how Brother Leo ("lion") was jestingly rechristened "Pecorello" ("little lamb" of God) by the Saint as they "sat on a fine, big stone by the side of a clear spring, and thanked God for the happiness of the warm sunshine and blue sky."

The personality of John B. Gough, one of the most eloquent and persuasive of the advocates of temperance a generation ago, is brought to mind by a collection of George Cruikshank's drawings in the Borden library just sold in New York City. Mr. Gough's leisure time for many years was devoted to making this collection, which is said to be superior even to that of the British Museum.

Diogenes would have found it profitable to turn his lantern in the direction of Yonkers, New York. Six Street Commissioners of that town recently, it is reported, protested against receiving checks for $100 each for certain services to the public, suggesting that $25 would be about the right amount. The city might use the extra money to inscribe their names on an honorary tablet.

The cobbler of Koepenick had an imitator the other day in Germany at Strassburg. A discharged non-commissioned officer, by means of a bogus telegram, ordered out the entire garrison to parade in honor of an expected visit from the Kaiser. The German war machine is a marvelous one, but, as with most complicated mechanisms, a slight error in manipulation may set it all awry.

A certain fashionable dressmaker, according to "Good Housekeeping," refuses to make black dresses because of their depressing effect on her employees. She would not even make a mourning gown for one of her best customers whose little girl had died, arguing that a black costume in itself saddens not only those who make it but the wearer and all her associates.

Somber garments, it may be said in comment upon this feminine Teufelsdröckh's reasoning, undoubtedly exert a psychological influence on both wearers and observers, and sensible people will not unduly protract the period during which they are worn. But most women would probably say that mourning garb is a social protection. The black dress indicates at once that they have suffered an affliction and are in no mood for gayety or for conventional amusement. It protects them from thoughtless remarks or unwelcome social attentions.

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